WIT T'S RECREATIONS refined & Augmented, with Ingenious CONCEITES for the wittie, And Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie.

See the next Page.

London. Printed for H. B. at the Castle in

RECREATION
FOR
Ingenious Head-peeces.

OR,

A Pleaſant Grove for their Wits to walke in,

Of { *Epigrams*, —630.
Epitaphs, —180.
Fancies, a number.
Fantaſticks, abundance.

Good for Melancholy Humors.

Mart. *Non cuique datur habere naſum.*

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Cotes* for *H. B.* at the Caſtle in *Cornehill*, 1645.

PROCRASTINATION

OR

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LONDON:
Printed by R. Cotes for N. B. at the Gate in Cornhil. 1635.

Adno Gine

Gine t reuisne uenit

Ad Lectorem.

THIS little Book is like a ſturniſh't Feaſt,
And hath a diſh, I hope, to pleaſe each gueſt;
Here thou may'ſt finde ſome good and ſolid fare:
If thou lov'ſt pleaſant junkets, here they are;
Perhaps ſharp ſawces take thee moſt; if ſo,
I have cook't for thee ſome ſharp ſawces too;
But if thy ſqueamiſh ſtomach can like none,
No body hinders thee; thou may'ſt be gone.

The Stationer to the Reader.

If new, or old wit, please the Reader best,
I've hope, each man of wit, will be our guest;
The new, was fram'd to humour some mens taste;
Which if they like not, they may crave the last:
Each dish hath sawce belongs to't; and you will
By your dislike, censure the Authors skill;
Yet if you cannot speake well of it, spare
To utter your dislike, that the like snare
May entrap others; so the Booke may be
Sold, though not lik'd, by a veate fallacie:
That's all I aske, yet 'twill your goodnesse raise,
If as I gaine your coyn, he may your praise.

On this third Edition.

This last Edition of my Book, may some
Think not much finer, then the former one;
But let them search it throughly & they'l finde
Many that were before, come now behinde:
Nay, thus much more I dare averre for it,
That, 'tis the only book for mirth and wit.

1. To

EPIGRAMS.

1. *To the Reader.*

EXcuſe mee Reader, though I now and then,
In ſome light lines, doe ſhew my ſelf a man;
Nor be ſo ſowre, ſome wanton words to blame,
They are the language of an Epigramme.

2. *On Battus.*

Battus doth brag hee hath a world of Books,
His Studies maw holds more then well it may,
But ſeld' or never, hee upon them looks,
And yet he looks upon them every day.

Hee looks upon their out-ſide, but within
Hee never looks, nor never will begin.

3. *On Prue.*

Prues noſe hangs down ſo low, one would ſuppoſe
When e're ſhe gapes, that *Prue* would eat her noſe.

4. *To Gripe.*

Gripe keeps his coin well, and his heaps are great,
For which hee ſeems wiſe in his own conceit;
Be not deceiv'd *Gripe*, for ought I can ſee,
Thy bags in this ſenſe are as wiſe as thee.

5. *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dies, as *Poets* ſung;
His heart's the laſt that ſtirs; of hers the tongue.

6. *On Womans will.*

How dearly doth the honeſt husband buy
His wives defect of Will when ſhe doth dy?
Better in death by Will to let her give,
Then let her have her will while ſhe doth live.

7. *To Cherilus.*

Eat Toſte and Oyle, eat ſupple herbs and looſe,
For thou look'ſt wondrous coſtive *Cherilus.*

8. *In Paulum.*

By lawfull mart, and by unlawfull ſtealth,
Paulus from th'Ocean hath deriv'd much wealth:
But on the Land, a little gulf there is
Wherein hee drowneth all the wealth of his.

9. *Veſtitus peritus.*

Clitus goes oft time clad in Suits of Scarlet,
That elſe no colour had to play the Varlet.

10. *Of Poetus.*

Poetus with fine Sonnets painteth forth
This and that foul Ladies beauties worth:
Hee ſhews ſmall wit therein, and for his pains,
By my conſent hee never ſhall reap gains;
Why, what needs Poets paint them? O ſweet Elves!
When Ladies paint their beauties beſt themſelves.

11. *On an upstart.*

Pray wrong not (*late coyn'd*) give the man his (right,
He's made a Gentleman although no Knight,
For now 'tis cloaths the Gentleman doth make,
Men from gay cloaths their pedegrees do take;
But wot you what's the arms to such mens house?
Why this——hands chacing of a Rampant Louse.

12. *Volens Nolens.*

Will with proviso wils you testifie,
Has made his Will, but hath no will to die.

13. *Ad Clodium.*

Wit, once thou said'st was worth thy weight in (gold,
Though now't bee common for a trifle sold;
It dearer seems to thee that get'st not any,
(When thou should'st use it) for thy love or mony.

14. *In Getam.*

Geta from wooll and weaving first began,
Swelling and swelling to a Gentleman;

When

When hee was Gentleman and bravely dight,
He left not ſwelling till hee was a Knight:
At laſt (forgetting what hee was at firſt)
Hee ſweld to bee a Lord, and then hee burſt.

15. *To Emſon.*

Emſon thou once in Dutch wouldſt court a wench
But to thy coſt ſhe anſwered thee in French.

16. *In Fimum.*

Fimus is coach'd, and for his farther grace
Doth ask his friends how hee becomes the place;
Troth I ſhould tel him, the poor coach hath wrōg
And that a cart would ſerve to carry Dung.

17. *In Flaccum.*

The falſe knave *Flaccus* once a bribe I gave;
The more fool I, to bribe ſo falſe a knave:
But he gave back my bribe; the more fool hee,
That for my folly did not couſen mee.

18. *On Morcho.*

Morcho for haſte was maried in the night,
What needed day? his fair young wife is light.

19. *On a Bragadocio.*

Don *Lollus* brags, he comes from Noble blood,
Drawn down from *Brutus* line; 'tis very good;
If this praiſe-worthy be, each Flea may then,
Boaſt of his blood more then ſome Gentlemen.

20. *Edens vomens.*

Cacus that ſups ſo duly at the Roſe,
Caſts up the reckoning truly e're hee goes.

21. *On a Pumpe ſtopt with ſtones.*

M. I'le cut it down, I ſwear by this ſame hand.
If 'twill not run, it ſhal no longer ſtand.
R. Pray Sir bee patient, let your Pump alone,
How can it water make when't hath the ſtone?
Yet did he wiſely when he did it fell,
For in ſo doing hee did make it well.

22. *In Aulum.*

Thou ſtill art mutt'ring *Aulus* in mine eare,
Love me and love my Dog: I will I ſweare,
Thou ask'ſt but right; and *Aulus*, truth to tell,
I think thy Dog deſerves my love as well.

23. *Ad Tilenum.*

Tilenus 'cauſe th'art old, fly not the field,
Where youthfull *Cupid* doth his banner wield;
For why? this god, old men his Souldiers ſtil'd;
None loves but hee who hath been twice a child.

24. *To Vellius.*

Thou ſwear'ſt I bowl as well as moſt men doe,
The moſt are bunglers, therein thou ſay'ſt true.

25. *Three Genders.*

A wife although moſt wiſe and chaſt,
Is of the *doubtfull* gender;
The Queen oth' *Common*; Feminines,
Are Women ſmall and tender.

26. *In Paulum.*

Paul, what my cloak doth hide thou fain would (know
Were't to be seen I would not cover't so.

27. *Of sleep and death.*

That death is but a sleep I not deny,
Yet when I next would sleep, I would not die.

28. *Vpon Methusus.*

Methusus ask'd me why I call'd him sot;
I answer made, because he lov'd the pot,
For while *Methusus* busie is with it,
The fool I'm sure's as busie with his wit.

29. *On Thraso.*

Thraso goes lame with blows hee did receive
In a late duell, if you'l him believe.

30. *Newes.*

When News doth come, if any would discusse
The Letters of the word, resolve it thus:

New

News is convey'd by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from *North*, *East*, *West*, & *South*.

31. *Of Rufus.*

Rufus had rob'd his Hoſt, and being put to it,
Said, I am an arrant rogue if I did doe it.

32. *Of Marcus.*

When *Marcus* fail'd, a borrowed ſum to pay,
Vnto his friend at the appointed day;
Twere ſuperſtition for a man, he ſayes,
To bee a ſtrict obſerver of ſet dayes.

33. *Of a Thiefe.*

A thiefe arreſted, and in cuſtody
Vnder ſtrong guards of armed company,
Askt why they held him ſo, Sir, quoth the chief,
Wee hold you for none other then a thief.

34. *Of Motion.*

Motion brings heat, and thus wee ſee it prov'd,
Moſt men are hot and angry when they'r mov'd.

35. *Ad Scriptorem quend.*

Half of your book is to an Index growne,
You give your book *contents*, your Reader non

36. *Riches.*

Gold's th'onely God, Rich men bear rule,
Money makes Majesty:
Rich *Pluto*, not plain *Plato* now,
Speaks with applause most high.

37. *On Sextus.*

Sextus doth wish his wife in Heaven were,
Where can she have more happinesse then ther

38. *Secreta Nobis.*

Tassus from Temple-stairs by water goes,
To *Westminster*, and back to Temple rowes:
Belike he loves not trot too much the street,
Or surbait on the stones his tender feet:
Tut! come, there's something in't must not bee
But Sir beleev't, *The debt is not his own.* (know

39. *On a Drawer drunk.*

rawer with thee now even is thy Wine,
or thou haſt pierc'd his hogs-head, and he thine.

40. *Upon the weights of a clock.*

wonder time's ſo ſwift, when as I ſee,
pon her heels, ſuch lumps of lead to bee.

41. *On Cynna.*

ecauſe I am not of a Gyants ſtature,
eſpiſe mee not, nor praiſe thy liberall nature,
or thy huge limbs; that you are grea t, 'tis true,
nd that I'm little in reſpect of you.
he reaſon of our growths is eas'ly had,
ou, many had perchance; I but one Dad.

42. *On Alaſtrus.*

laſtrus hath nor coyn, nor ſpirit, nor wit,
think hee's onely then for Bedlam fit.

43. *On Landanno.*

Landanno in his gallant bravery,
Ruffled his Silks, lookt big, and thrust me by:
And ſtill as often as hee meets mee ſo,
My home-ſpun cloth muſt to the channell go.
Adviſe thee well *Landanno*, children note,
And fools admire thee for thy velvet coat:
I keep (*Landanno*) in repute with ſuch,
As think they cannot ſcorn poor thee too much.
But thou canſt ſquire fine Madams, thou canſt va
Thy cap and feather, cringe, and wag thy tail
Moſt decently: Now by you Stars that ſhine,
So thou tranſcend'ſt me: Take the wall, 'tis thine

44. *On Shancks.*

Shancks ſwears he faſts, and alwayes cryes for bee
O how hee faſts! that's, how faſt eats the theef!

45. *Cito bene.*

Sir *John* at *Martins* prays hee might diſpatch,
Who by true promiſe is to bowl a match.

46. *To valiant Dammee.*

Dammee thy brain is valiant, 'tis confeſt;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'ſt jeſt
Thy ſelf into freſh braules; but call'd upon,
With ſwearing Dammee, anſwereſt every one.
Keep thy ſelf there, and think thy valour right,
Hee that dares *Damme* himſelf, dares more then (fight.

47. *On Cornuto.*

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're miſtruſts her too laſcivious life,
Aſk him the reaſon why hee doth forbeare,
Hee'l anſwer ſtraight, it commeth with a feare.

48. *On a Shrew.*

A froward ſhrew being blam'd becauſe ſhe ſhow'd
Not ſo much reverence as by right ſhee ow'd
Vnto her husband, ſhe reply'd he might
Forbear complaint of mee, I do him right;
His will is mine, hee would bear rule, and I
Deſire the like, onely in ſympathy.

49. *A rich Curre.*

Dru dares good men deprave becauſe hee's rich,
Whether more fool or knave, I know not which.

50. *On a youth maried to an Old Woman.*

A ſmooth-fac'd youth what wedded to an old
Decrepit Shrew! (ſuch is the power of Gold)
Thy fortune I dare tell; perchance thou'lt have
At Supper dainties, but in bed a grave.

51. *On a Fly in a glaſſe.*

A Fly out of his glaſſe a gueſt did take,
E're with the liquor hee his thirſt would ſlake;
When hee had drunk his fill, again the Fly
Into the glaſſe hee put, and ſaid, though I
Love not Flyes in my drink, yet others may,
Whoſe humour I nor like, nor will gain-ſay.

52. *On Collimus.*

If that *Collimus* any thing do lend,
Or dog, or Horſe, or Hawk unto his friend,

H

He to endeare the borrowers love the more,
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,
Nor would to any but to him: His wife
Having obſerv'd theſe ſpeeches all her life,
Behinde him forks her fingers, and doth cry,
To none but you, I'de do this courteſie.

53. *To Loquax.*

Loquax, to hold thy tongue would do thee wrong
For thou wouldſt bee no man but for thy tongue.

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Againſt a poſt a ſcholler chanc'd to ſtrike
At unawares his head; like will to like:
Good wits will jump (quoth he:) if that bee true,
The title of a block-head is his due.

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It ſeems that Masks do women much diſgrace,
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Upon her heels, such lumps of lead to bee.

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Because I am not of a Gyants stature,
Despise mee not, nor praise thy liberall nature,
For thy huge limbs; that you are great, 'tis true,
And that I'm little in respect of you.
The reason of our growths is eas'ly had,
You, many had perchance; I but one Dad.

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Advise thee well *Landanno*, children note,
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As think they cannot scorn poor thee too much.
But thou canst squire fine Madams, thou canst va
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Most decently: Now by you Stars that shine,
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55. *On Women's Masks.*

It ſeems that Masks do women much diſgrace,
Sith when they wear them they do hide their face

56. *On Lepidus and his wife.*

Lepidus maried ſome while to a ſhrew,
She ſick'ned, he in jeſting wiſe to ſhew
How glad her death would make him, ſaid, ſweet-heart,
I pray you e're you ſing loth to depart,
Tell who ſhall bee my ſecond wife, and I
After your death will wed her inſtantly;
She ſomewhat vext hereat, ſtraight way reply'd,
Then let grim *Pluto's* daughter be your bride.
He anſwer'd, Wife I would your will obay,
But that our Laws my willingneſſe gainſay;
For he who *Pluto's* ſiſter takes to wife,
Cannot his daughter too, upon my life.

57. *Vpon a pair of Tongs.*

The burnt child dreads the fire; if this bee true,
Who firſt invented Tongs its fury knew.

58. *Lawyers and Souldiers.*

If Lawyers had for *Tearm*, a tearm of warre,
Souldiers would be as rich as Lawyers are;

But

But here's the difference between Guns & Gowns,
Theſe take good Angels, th'other take crack't (crowns.

59. *On Momus.*

Momus can call another fool, but he
Can never make his brain and wit agree.

60. *Woman.*

A *woman* is a book, and often found
To prove farre better in the Sheets then bound:
No marvail then, why men take ſuch delight
Above all things to *ſtudy in the night.*

61. *On Miſtris Pretty.*

Young Pretty, with one grief or other
Much troubled is, ſometimes with the Mother;
But on a certain time above the reſt,
(Having concluded what would pleaſe her beſt)
Bad her attendants quickly quit the rome,
And in their ſtead a velvet Doctor's come,
Who neither ſends for Phyſick, fire, nor fewell,
But up hee throws her heels, O cruell! cruell!

62. *Clytus cunning.*

Clytus the Barber doth Occasion fly,
Because 'tis bald, and he gains nought thereby.

63. *Rich promises.*

Lords promise soon, but to perform are long,
Then would their purse strings were ty'd to their (tongue.

64. *On Comptulus.*

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long hair,
In comely curles could show so debonair,
And every hair in order be, when as
Thou could'st not trim it by a looking glass,
Nor any Barber did thy tresses pleat;
'Tis strange, but Monsieur I conceive the feat
When you your hair do kemb, you off it take,
And order't as you please for fashion sake.

65. *On Gellius.*

In building of his house, *Gellius* hath spent
All his revenues and his ancient rent,

Aske

Arke not a reaſon why *Gellius* is poor,
His greater houſe hath turn'd him out of door.

66. *To Ponticus.*

At Supper time will *Pontus* viſit me,
I'd rather have his room then company;
But if him, from me I can no wayes fright,
I'd have him viſit me each faſting night.

67. *Balbus.*

Balbus a verſe on *Venus* boy doth ſcan,
But ere 'twas finiſh'd *Cupid's* grown a man.

68. *On a Pot-poet.*

What lofty verſes *Cælus* writes? it is
But when his head with wine oppreſſed is:
So when great drops of rain fall from the skyes
In ſtanding pools, huge bubbles will ariſe.

69. *On Onellus.*

Thou never ſupp'ſt abroad, *Onellus*, true;
For at my home I'm ſure to meet with you.

70. *To Termagant.*

My *Termagant*, as I have ought to ſave,
I neither call'd thee fool, nor knave:
That which I call'd thee is a thing well known,
A triſle not worth thinking on:
What I ſuppoſe thy ſelf wilt eaſily grant,
I call'd thee Cuckold, *Termagant*.

71. *On a Vertuous Talker.*

If vertue's alwayes in thy mouth, how can
It ere have time to reach thy heart, fond man?

72. *To Severus.*

Beleeve *Severus*, that in theſe my Rimes
I tax no perſon but the common crimes.

73. *Upon Pigs devouring a bed of Penny-royall, commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once a bed of Organs ſet,
The pigs came in and eat up every whit,
The good man ſaid, wife you your Garden may
Hogs Norton call, here Pigs on Organs play.

74. *On a Fortune-teller.*

The influence of the ſtars are known to thee,
By whom thou canſt each future fortune ſee:
Yet ſith thy wife doth thee a Cuckold make,
'Tis ſtrange they doe not that to thee partake.

75. *To ſweet ſir Outſide.*

Th'expence in Odours, is a fooliſh ſin,
Except thou couldſt ſweeten thy corps within.

76. *On a Gallant.*

A glittering gallant, from a prancing Steed,
Alighting down delir'd a boy with ſpeed
To hold his horſe a while, hee made reply,
Can one man hold him faſt? 'twas anſwered, I:
If then one man can hold him Sir, you may
Doe it your ſelf, quoth he, and ſlunk away.

77. *To Eras-mus.*

That thou 'rt a Man each of thy learn'd works
But yet thy name tels us *thou waſt a Monſe.* (ſhows

78. *On an empty Houſe.*

Lollus by night awak'd heard Theeves about
His houſe, and ſearching narrowly throughout
To find ſome pillage there; hee ſaid, you may
By night, but I can finde nought here by day.

79. *A trim Barber.*

Neat Barber trim, I muſt commend thy care,
Which doſt all things exactly to a haire.

80. *On a bragging Coward.*

Corſus in camp, when as his Mates betooke
Themſelves to dine, encourag'd them and ſpoke,
Have a good ſtomach Lads, this night we ſhall
In heaven at Supper keep a feſtivall.
But battail joyn'd hee fled away in haſt,
And ſaid, I had forgot, this night I faſt.

81. *On a great Noſe.*

Thy Noſe no man can wipe, *Proclus*, unleſs
He have a hand as big as *Hercules*:
When thou doſt ſneeze the ſound thou doſt not hear,
Thy Noſe is ſo far diſtant from thine ear.

82. *On*

82. *On an unequall pair.*

Fair *Phillis* is to churlish *Priscus* wed,
As stronger wine with waters mingled;
Priscus his love to *Phillis* more doth glow
With fervency then fire, hers cold as snow:
'Tis wel, for if their flames alike did burn,
One house would be too hot to serve their turn.

83. *In Quintum.*

Quintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad,
For being poor hee hath a good pretence
At every Church to crave benevolence,
For one that had by fire lost all hee had.

84. *On a changeable Rayment.*

Know you why *Lollus* changeth every day,
His Perriwig, his face, and his array?
'Tis not because his commings in are much,
Or 'cause hee'l swill it with the roaring Dutch,
But 'cause the Sergeants (who a writ have had
Long since against him) should not know the lad.

85. *On Stale-Batch.*

For all night-ſins with other wives unknown,
Batch now doth daily penance in his own.

86. *To ſir Guilty.*

Guilty, be wiſe; and though thou knowſt the crimes
Bee thine I tax; yet doe not own my rimes:
'Twere madneſſe in thee to betray thy fame,
And perſon to the world, ere I thy name.

88. *Veritas ſubverta.*

Luke that a man on horſe back met but late,
Would ſimply ſeem thus to equivocate,
And ſtrong maintain 'gainſt them, contend who dare,
'Twas meerly but a Taylor and a Mare.

88. *On Hugh.*

Hugh ſhould have gone to *Oxford* th'other day,
But turn'd at Tiburn, and ſo loſt his way.

89. *On*

89. *On Baroſſa.*

Baroſſa boaſts his pedegree, although
He knows no letter of the Chriſt-croſſe row,
His houſe is ancient, and his gentry great,
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet
Then is the family of fools? how than
Dare you not call *Baroſſa* Gentleman?

90. *Experto credendum.*

How durſt *Capritius* call his wedlock whore,
But that that he ſpeaks it *pluſquam per narratum.*
Nam ipſe teſte: what require you more,
Vnleſſe you'ld have it *magis approbatum*?

91. *On Jack Cut-purſe.*

Jack cut-purſe is, and hath been patient long,
For hee's content to pocket up much wrong.

92. *On Aſer.*

Aſer hath ſold his land and bought a horſe,
Whereon he pranceth to the royall Burſe,
To bee on horſe back hee delights, wilt know?
'Cauſe then his company he'd higher ſhow:

But

But happy chance tall *Aſer* in his pride,
Mounts a Gunnelly and on foot doth ride.

93. *On Chariſmus.*

Thou haſt compos'd a Book, which neither age,
Nor future time ſhall hurt through all their rage
For how can future times or age invade
That work which periſhed as ſoon as made?

94. *Facilis deſcenſus averni.*

The way to hell is eaſie, th'other day,
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

95. *Age and Youth.*

Admire not youth, deſpiſe not age, although
Some yong are grave, moſt old men childr̃ grow.

96. *On Orus.*

Orus ſold wine, and then tobacco, now
He aqua-vitæ doth his friends allow,
What e'r he had was ſold to ſave his life,
And now turn'd Pander, he doth ſell his wife.

97. *On Women.*

Women are Books, and Men the Readers bee,
In whom oft-times they great Errata's see;
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An Almanack to change her every yeer.

98. *On Acerra.*

Tobacco hurts the brain Physitians say,
Doth dull the wit, and memory decay,
Yet fear not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne're
Hurt thee so much by use, as by thy feare.

99. *Empta nostra.*

Madam *La Foy* wears not those locks for nought,
Ask at the Shop else, where the same she bought.

100. *On Briso.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then,
You do absent you from the sight of men,
For out of doors you ne'r by day appear,
What, is a Sergeant such a huge Bug-bear?

101. *On the King of Swedens Picture.*

Who but the half of this neat Picture drew,
That it could ne're bee fully done, well knew.

102. *B. I. answer to a Thiefe bidding him stand.*

Fly villain hence, or by thy coat of steel,
Ile make thy heart, my brazen bullet feel,
And send that thrice as theevish soul of thine,
To hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

103. *Thief's reply.*

Art thou great *Ben*? or the revived ghost
Of famous *Shakespeare*? or some drunken host?
Who being tipsie with thy muddy beer,
Dost think thy rimes shall daunt my soul with fear
Nay know base Slave, that I am one of those,
Can take a purse as well in verse as prose;
And when th'art dead write this upon thy herse,
Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in verse.

104. *On Cupid.*

Cupid hath by his ſly and ſubtill Art,
A certain Arrow ſhot, and pierc'd my heart;
What ſhall I doe to bee reveng'd on love?
There is but one way, and that one I'le prove;
I'le ſteal his Arrows, and will head them new
With womens hearts, and then they'l ne'r fly true.

105. *A Tobacconiſt.*

All dainty meats I doe deſie,
Which feed men fat as ſwine,
Hee is a frugall man indeed,
That on a leaf can dine:
Hee needs no Napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That keeps his Kitchin in a Box,
And roaſt-meat in a Pipe.

106. *Feeble ſtanding.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he

107. *On the Tobacconiſt.*

If mans fleſh be like ſwines, as it is ſaid,
The Metamorphoſis is ſooner made:
Then full fac'd *Gnatho* no Tobacco take
Smoaking your corps, leſt Bacon you do make.

108. *Another.*

Tom I commend thee above all I know,
That ſold'ſt thy cuſhion for a pipe of To——
For now 'tis like if e're thou ſtudy more,
Thou'lt ſit to't harder then thou didſt before.

109. *On Button a Sexton, making a grave.*

Ye powers above and heavenly poles,
Are graves become but *Button*-holes.

110. *On long hair.*

[illegible] long hair down to his ſhoulders wears,
[illegible]hy? he dares not cut it for his ears.

111. A *Crab is reſtorative.*

The Crab of the wood
Is ſawce very good,
For the Crab of the foaming ſea;
But the wood of a Crab
Is ſauce for a drab
That will not her husband obey.

112. *Alius altior.*

Would you with *Cajus* offer now confer
In ſuch familiar ſort as heretofore?
And not obſerve he's grown an Officer,
That looks for adoration ten times more?
Tut! what of pedegree, or *turpe domo*,
'Tis not ſo now ye ſee, *nam eccè homo*.

113. *Sorte tua contentus.*

If adverſe fortune bring to paſſe,
And will that thou an aſſe muſt bee;
Then be an aſſe, and live an aſſe,
For out of queſtion wiſe is hee
That undergoes with humble mind,
The ſtate that chance hath him aſſign'd.

114. *On a pretender to prophecy.*

Ninety two years the world as yet ſhall ſtand,
If it do ſtand or fall at your command;
But ſay, why plac'd you not the worlds end nyer
Leſt ere you dy'd you might be prov'd a lyer?

115. *Mart. lib. 8. Epigr. 69.*

Old Poets onely thou doſt praiſe,
And none but dead ones magnifie;
Pardon *Voterta*, thee to pleaſe,
I am not yet in mind to die.

116. *On a Gamſter.*

For hundred-thouſands *Matho* playes;
Olus what's that to thee?
Not thou by means thereof, I trow,
But *Matho* poor ſhall bee.

117. *Parcus proſuſus.*

Old doting *Claudus* that rich miſer known,
Made drunk one night, and jumping but with
Was forc't not only to diſcharge the ſhot,
But keep the baſtard which the gull ne'r got.

118. *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake*, whom well the worlds end knew,
Which thou didst compasse round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once saw,
Which North and South do bound,
The Stars above would make thee known,
If men here silent were;
The Sun himself cannot forget
his fellow Traveller.

119. *B. I. approbation of a copy of verses.*

One of the witty sort of Gentlemen,
That held society with learned *Ben*——
Shew'd him some verses of a tragick sense,
Which did his ear much curious violence;
But after *Ben* had been a kind partaker
Of the sad lines, he needs must know the maker;
What unjust man hee was, that spent his time,
And banish'd reason to advance his rime:
Nay gentle *Ben*, replyes the Gentleman,
I see I must support the Poet than;
Although those humble strains are not so fit
For to please you, he's held a pretty wit;
Is he held so? (sayes *Ben*) so may a Goose,
Had I the holding, I would let him loose.

120. *Vt pluma perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſuch a loſty feather?
Becauſe he's proud and fooliſh both together.

121. *A Gentlemans ſatisfaction for ſpitting in another mans face.*

A Gentleman (not in malice nor diſgrace,
But by a chance) ſpet in anothers face;
He that receiv'd it, knowing not the cauſe (laws
That ſhould produce ſuch raſhneſs ('gainſt the
Of Chriſtian manhood or civility)
In kindling anger ask'd the reaſon why;
Pray ſir, ſayes he, what thing that doth but ſound
Like to an injury, have you ere found
By me at any time? or if you had,
It never could deſerve contempt ſo bad,
'Tis an inhumane cuſtome none ere uſe,
But the vile Nation of contemned Jews:
Pray ſir, cryes th'other, be not ſo unkinde,
Thus with an accident to charge my minde;
I meant it not, but ſince it falls out ſo,
I'm ſorry: yea, make ſatisfaction too
Then be not mov'd, but let this eaſe your doubt,
Since I have ſpet, pleaſe you, I'l tread it out.

122. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Radulphus* boast of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

123. *On a little Gentleman, and on Master Story.*

The little man, by th'other mans vain-glory,
It seems was roughly us'd, (so sayes the story)
But being a little heated and high blown;
In anger flyes at *Story*, pulls him down;
And when they rise (I know not how it fated)
One got the worst, the *Story* was translated
From white to red; but ere the fight was ended,
It seems a Gentleman that one befriended,
Came in and parted them: the little blade,
There's none that could intreat, or yet perswade,
But he would fight still, till another came,
And with sound reasons counseld 'gainst the same
'Twas in this manner; Friend ye shall not fight,
With one that's so unequall to your height,
Story is higher: th'other made reply,
I'd pluck him down were hee three Stories high.

124. *To one that had a Nose and Teeth very long.*

Gape 'gainſt the Sun, and by thy Teeth and noſe
'Tis eaſie to perceive how the day goes.

125. *On a Welſhman and an Engliſhman.*

There was a time a difference began,
Between a Welſhman and an Engliſhman,
And thus it was; the Engliſhman would ſtand
Againſt all Argument, that this our land
Was freeſt of her fruits: there is a place,
Quoth he, whoſe ground ſo fruitfull is of graſſe,
But throw a ſtaffe in't but this night, you ſhall
Not ſee't the morrow, 'twould be cover'd all.
The Welſhman cry'd, 'tis true it might lye under
The o'r-grown graſſe, wch is with us no wonder:
For turn your horſe into our fruitfull ground,
And before morning come, he ſhan't be found.

On Pride.

Why Pride to others doth her ſelf prefer,
The reaſon's clear, ſhe's heir to *Lucifer*.

O Mores.

Now *vertu's* hid with *follies* jugling mist,
And hee's no man that is no humorist.

To Telltale.

Thy glowing ears, to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in lent.

126. *Sperando pariens.*

Hodg hir'd him such a house, at such a rent,
As might 'gainst mariage, much his state augment;
But lingring fates did so his hopes prevent,
As *Hodg* perforce must fly, for all was spent.

127. *On a Souldier.*

The Souldier fights well, and with good regard,
But when he's lame, he lies at an ill ward.

128. *Vivens mortuis.*

What makes young *Brutus* bear so high his head,
And on the sudden gallant it so brave?

Pray understand Sir; 's Father's newly dead,
Who hath so long been wish'd for laid in's grave.

129. *A secret necessity.*

What makes *F. G.* wear still one pair of hose?
Ask *Banks* the Broker; he the business knows.

130. *On Garret and Chambers.*

Garret and his friend *Chambers* having done
Their City business, walkt to *Paddington*,
And comming neer the fatall place, where men,
I mean offenders, ne'r return agen,
Looking on Tyburn in a merriment:
Sayes *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement
Had it a Garret: *Garret* hearing that,
Replyes, friend *Chambers* I do wonder at
Your simple censure, and could mock you for it,
There must be Chambers, e'r there be a Garret.

131. *Dubium indubitatum.*

Say *Parnels* children prove not one like th'other;
The best is yet, she's sure th'ad both one Mother.

132. *On Vsuring Gripe.*

Gripe feels no lameneſs of his knotty gout,
His moneys travell for him in and out.
And though the ſoundeſt legs goe every day,
He toyls to be at hell as ſoon as they.

133. *A phraſe in Poetry.*

Fairer then that word fair, why ſo ſhe muſt,
Or bee as black as *Timothies* toaſted cruſt.

134. *A Witt-all.*

Jeppa thy wit will ne'r endure a touch,
Thou knowſt ſo little, and doſt ſpeak ſo much.

135. *Ad Lectorem.*

Is't poſsible that thou my book haſt bought,
That ſaid'ſt 'twas nothing worth? why was it nought
Read it agen, perchance thy wit was dul,
Thou may'ſt finde ſomething at the ſecond pull.
Indeed at firſt thou nought didſt underſtand;
For ſhame get ſomething at the ſecond hand.

136. *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

Posthumus not the last of many more,
Asks why I write in such an idle vain,
Seeing there are of Epigrams such store;
O give me leave to tell thee once again,
That Epigrams are fitted to the season,
Of such as best know how to make rime reason.

137. *Certa dissimulans.*

Monsieur Piero's wife trades all in French,
And coyly simpring cryes, *Pardona moy*:
As who should think, she's sure no common wench
But a most true dissembler, *par ma foy*.

138. *In magnis voluisse sat est.*

In matters great to will it doth suffice:
I blush to hear how loud this Proverb lyes,
For they that ow great sums by bond or bill,
Can never cancell them with meer good will.

139. *As proud as witlesse Dracus.*

Dracus his head is highly by him born,
And so by straws are empty heads of corn.

140. *Saltem videretur.*

A Welſhman and an Engliſhman diſputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greateſt ſtate,
The Engliſhman the Welſhman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welſhman nought his brags abate,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in *Wales* one wedding ſees,
Truth, quoth the other, each man toſts his cheeſe.

141. *Knowing and not knowing.*

Coſmus by cuſtome taunts each man,
And yet can nought of reaſon ſcan,
How can that bee, when who knows leaſt
Knows hee ſhould wiſe bee, that would jeſt?
Then thus no further I allow,
That *Coſmus* knows, but knows not how.

142. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his ſafeſt flight,
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

143. *Poſtrema peſſima.*

Cacus in's cunning ne'r ſo prov'd o'r-reacht
As now at laſt, who muſt be halter-ſtretcht.

144. *On his Mistris.*

My love and I for kisses play'd,
She would keep stakes, I was content,
And when I won she would be paid;
This made me ask her what she meant,
Saith she, since you are in this wrangling vain,
Take you your kisses, and give me mine again.

45. *On a proud Maid.*

She that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
And spend the morn in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,
And talk of nothing all day but of pride;
God in mercy may do much to save her,
But what a case is hee in that shall have her?

146. *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things, could the Poets say,
The times are chang'd, our times drink all away.

147. *Facies ignota.*

Why should not *Rubin* rich apparell wear,
That's left more money then an Asse can bear?

Can any gueſſe him by his outward guiſe,
But that he may bee generous and wiſe?

148. *On a coy Woman.*

She ſeems not won, yet won ſhe is at length;
In loves war, women uſe but half their ſtrength.

149. *On bed keeping.*

Bradus the Smith hath often ſworn and ſed,
That no diſeaſe ſhould make him keep his bed;
His reaſon was, I oft have heard him tell it,
He wanted money, therefore he would ſell it.

150. *On a man ſtealing a candle from a Lanthorn.*

One walking in the ſtreet a winter night,
Climb'd to a lanthorn, thought to have ſtole the light,
But taken in the manner and deſcri'd
By one o'th' ſervants, who look'd and cry'd,
Whoſe there? what d'you? who doth our lanthorn handle?
Nothing, ſaid hee, but only ſnuffe the candle.

151. *On Fraternus.*

Fraternus 'opinions ſhow his reaſon weak,
He held the noſe was made for man to ſpeak.

152. *On a French Fencer, that challenged Church an Engliſh Fencer.*

The fencing Gaules in pride and gallant vaunt,
Challeng'd the Engliſh at the Fencing skill,
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,
His errors ſtill reprov'd and knock'd him ſtill;
But ſith our *Church* him diſciplin'd ſo ſore,
He (rank Recuſant) comes to Church no more.

153. *On Gella.*

Gella is light, and like a Candle waſteth,
Even to the ſnuffe, that ſtinketh more it laſteth.

154. *On* I. Lipſius *who bequeathed his Gown to the* V. Mary.

A dying Latiniſt of great renown,
Vnto the Virgin *Mary* gave his Gown;
And was not this falſe Latine ſo to joyn
With female gender, the eaſe-maſculine?

155. *On two ſtriving together.*

Two falling out, into a ditch they fell,
Their falling out, was ill, but in, was well.

156. *A Lawyers Will.*

A Lawyer being ſick and extreme ill,
Was moved by his friends to make his Will,
Which ſoon he did, gave all the wealth hee had
To frantick perſons, lunatick, and mad;
And to his friends this reaſon did reveal;
(That they might ſee, with equity hee'd deal)
From mad mens hands I did my wealth receive,
Therefore that wealth to mad mens hands I leave.

157. *Youth and age.*

Age is deformed, Youth unkind,
We ſcorn their bodies, they our mind.

158. *Somnus decipiens.*

Dod ſweetly dreamt this other night had found
In gold and ſilver ne'r an hundred pound,
But waking felt hee was with Fleas ſore bitten,
And further ſmelt he had his ſhirt be———

159. *To a Shoomaker.*

What boots it thee, to follow ſuch a trade,
That's alwayes under foot and underlaid?

160. *An*

160. *An Anabaptists censure on learning.*

A Bachelor of Art's not worth a fart,
Except he bee in the schools:
A Doctor of the Law's not worth a straw,
Except he be amongst fools.

161. *Death.*

The lives of men seem in two seas to swim,
Death comes to young folks, and old go to him.

162. *Quos ego? &c.*

Rufus in rage the Pots flings down the stairs,
And threats to pull the Drawer by the ears,
For giving such attendance: Slave (sayes he)
Where's thine observance? Ha! must such as we
Be no more waited on? Goe; bring to pay,
And keep my Rapier till I come this way.

163. *A disparity.*

Children fondly blab truth,
and fools their brothers;
Women have learn'd more wisdome
of their mothers.

164. *To Maledict.*

Thou ſpeakeſt ill, not to give men their dues,
But ſpeakeſt ill, becauſe thou canſt not chuſe.

165. *On Newter Ned.*

Newter convict of publick wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins agen;
Two kinds of valour he doth ſhew at once,
Active in's brains, and paſſive in his bones.

166. *Interpone tuis, &c.*

Not mirth, nor care alone, but inter-wreathed;
Care gets mirths ſtomach, mirth makes care long (breathed.

167. *Ignotus ſibi.*

Faſtidius finds it *Nimis ultra poſſe*,
How to diſtinguiſh of *Teipſum noſce*:
I doe not marvell much it ſhould be ſo,
For why the Coxcomb, will himſelf not know.

168. *Pot poet.*

Poet and Pot differ but in a letter,
Which makes the Poet love the pot the better.

169. *Content.*

Content is all we aim at with our ſtore;
If that be had with little, what needs more?

170. *Faſt and looſe.*

Paphus was marry'd all in haſt,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himſelf too faſt,
Hee hath himſelf undone.

171. *Tortus.*

Tortus accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter;
Said he but ſet a good face on the matter;
Then ſure he borrow'd it, for 'tis well known,
Tortus ne'r wore a good face of his own.

172. *Impar imperes odit.*

Sotus hates wiſe men, for himſelf is none,
And fools he hates, becauſe himſelf is one.

173. *Similis doctrina libello.*

Cræſus of all things loveth not to buy
So many books of ſuch diverſity:
Your Almanack (ſayes he) yeeld's all the ſence
Of time's paſt profit and experience.

174. *On Tullus.*

Tullus who was a Taylor by profeſsion,
Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large poſſeſsion.
So who before did cut but courtesey freeze,
Now cuts the country in exceſsive fees.

175. *Ut parta perdita.*

Marcellus proves a man of double means,
Firſt rais'd by drunkards, then undone by queans.

176. *On Women.*

Woman's the centre, and the lines be men,
The circles, love; how doe they differ then?
Circles draw many lines into the center,
But love gives leave to onely one to enter.

177. *On Claret wine ſpilt.*

What's this that's ſpilt? 'tis Claret Wine,
'Tis well 'tis ſpilt, its fall ſav'd mine.

178. *On Womans love.*

A womans love is like a Syrian flow'r,
That buds, and ſpreads, and withers in an hour.

179. *On Cooke a cuckold.*

A young Cook marry'd upon Sunday laſt,
And he grew old e'r tueſday night was paſt.

180. *Nomine, non re.*

Grace I confeſſe it, hath a comely face,
Good hand and foot as anſwerable to it:

But

But what's all this except she had more grace?
Oh you will say, 'tis want that makes her do it.
True, want of Grace indeed, the more her shame:
Graceless by Nature, only *Grace* by Name.

181. *A Monsieur Naso, verolé.*

Naso let none drink in his glass but hee,
Think you 'tis pride? 'tis courtesie.

182. *A Butcher marying a Tanners daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,
For now the flesh is maried to the skin.

183. *A Widow.*

Hee which for's wife a widow doth obtain,
Doth like to those that buy clothes in Long-lane,
One Coat's not fit, another's too too old,
Their faults I know not, but th'are manifold.

184. *On a Farmer knighted.*

In my conceit Sir *John*, you were to blame,
To make a quiet goodwife, a mad-dame.

185. *On Pallas and Bacchus birth.*

Pallas the off-ſpring of *Jove's* brain,
Bacchus out of his thigh was ta'n:
He breaks his brain that learning wins,
When he that's drunk breaks but his ſhins.

186. *On an old Man doting upon a young Wench.*

A rich old man loving a fair young Laſs,
Out of his breeches his ſpectacles drew,
Wherewith he writ a note how rich he was;
All which (quoth hee) ſweet heart I'l give to you.
Excuſe me Sir (quoth ſhe) for all your riches,
I'l marry none that wears his eyes in's breeches.

187. *On a Welſhman.*

The way to make a Welſhman think on bliſs,
And daily ſay his prayers on his knees,
Is to perſwade him, that moſt certain 'tis,
The Moon is made of nothing but green Cheeſe;
Then he'l deſire of *Jove* no greater boon,
Then to be plac'd in Heaven to eat the Moon.

188. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs muſt bee,
For ſhe was forc'd by law to marry thee.

189. *As many dayes in the year, ſo many Veins in Man.*

That every thing we do, might vain appear,
We have a vein for each day in the year.

190. *To a friend, on the loſſe of his Miſtris.*

If thou the beſt of women didſt forgo,
Weigh if thou found'ſt her, or didſt make her ſo:
If ſhe was found, know there is more then one;
If made, the workman lives though ſhe be gone.

191. *On a whore.*

Roſa is fair, but not a proper woman;
Can any woman proper be that's common?

192. *Æqualis conſenſus.*

Cæcus and's choice, for change no time defers,
Both ſeparate, yet conſenting each together,

He maids for his turn takes, she men for hers,
And so they jump, though seldome joyn together.

193. *On a Welshman.*

A Welshman late comming into an Inne,
Asked the Maid what meat there was within;
Cow heels she answer'd, and a brest of Mutton;
But quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton;
Either of both shall serve; to night the brest,
The heels i'th morning, then light meat is best;
At night hee took the brest, and did not pay,
I'th morning took his heels, and run away.

194. *On Men and Women.*

Ill thrives that hapless family that shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows:
I know not which lives more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

195. *On Linus.*

Linus told me of verses that he made,
Riding to *London* on a trotting Iade;
I should have known, had he conceal'd the case,
Even by his verses of his horses pace.

196. *On a little diminutive band.*

What is the reaſon of God-dam-me's band,
Inch-deep, and that his faſhion doth not alter?
God-dam-me ſaves a labor, underſtand,
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

197. *On fine apparell.*

Some that their wives may neat and cleanly go,
Doe all their ſubſtance upon them beſtow:
But who a Gold-finch, fain would make his wife,
Makes her perhaps a Wag-tail all her life.

198. *Upon conſcience.*

Many men this preſent age diſpraiſe,
And think men have ſmall conſcience now adayes:
But ſure, I'l lay no ſuch fault to their charge,
I rather think their conſcience is too large.

199. *Dicta prediſta.*

Battus breaks jeſts on any thing that's ſpoken,
Provided alwayes they before are broken.

200. *In Cornutum.*

Cornutus call'd his wife both whore and ſlut,
Quoth ſhe, you'l never leave your brawling but:
But what quoth he? quoth ſhe, the poſt or door,
For you have horns to but, if I'm a whore.

201. *A witty paſſage.*

An old man ſitting at a Chriſtmaſſe feaſt,
By eating Brawn occaſioned a jeſt;
For whileſt his tongue and gums chaſed about,
For want of pales the chaſed bore broke out;
And light perchance upon a handſome laſſe,
That neer him at the table placed was;
Which when ſhe ſpy'd, ſhe pluc'd out of her ſleeve
A pin, and did it to the old man give; (ſlip,
Saying, ſith your brawn, out of your mouth doth
Sir take this pin, and therewith cloſe your lips;
And burſting into laughter, ſtrain'd ſo much,
As with that ſtrain her back-part ſpak low-dutch:
Which th'old man hearing, did the pin reſtore;
And bad her therwith cloſe her poſtern dore.

202. *Omnia pariter.*

Ralph reads a line or two, and then cryes mew;
Deeming all elſe according to thoſe few; (Lad)
Thou might'ſt have thought and prov'd a wiſer
(As *Ioan* her fooding bought) ſom good, ſom bad.

203. *A new maried Bride.*

The firſt of all our ſex came from the ſide of Man,
I thither am return'd from whence I came.

204. *On a Pudding.*

The end is all, and in the end,
the praiſe of all depends.
A Pudding merits double praiſe,
becauſe it hath two ends.

205. *Anſwer.*

A pudding hath two ends; you lye my brother,
For it begins at one, and ends at th'other.

206. *On Maids.*

Moſt Maids reſemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no ſooner women, then th'are wives;
As *Eve* knew no man, e'r fruit wrought her woe;
So theſe have fruit oft e'r their husband know.

207. *Ut cecidit ſurgit.*

Now *Martha* maried is, ſhee'l brave it out,
Though ne'r ſo needy known to all about;
And reaſon good, ſhee riſe once in her life,
That fell ſo oft before ſhe was a wife.

208. *On a Man whoſe choice was to bee hang'd or maried.*

M. Lo here's the Bride, and there's the Tree,
Take which of theſe beſt liketh thee.
R. The choice is bad on either part,
The woman's worſe, drive on the cart.

209. *Women.*

Were women as little, as they are good;
A Peſcod would make them a gown and a hood.

210. *On a Louſe.*

A Louſe no reaſon hath to deal ſo ill,
With them of whom ſhe hath ſo much her will;
She hath no tongue to ſpeak ought in their praiſe,
But to backbite them, finds a tongue alwayes.

211. *A Courtier and a Scholler meeting.*

A Courtier proud walking along the ſtreet,
Hap'ned by chance a Scholler for to meet;
The Courtier ſaid, (minding nought more then
Unto the Scholler meeting face to face, (place,
To take the wall, baſe men, I'l not permit;
The Scholler ſaid; I will; and gave him it.

212. *Cede majoribus.*

I took the wall, one rudely thruſt me by,
And told me the high way did open ly,
I thank'd him that he would me ſo much grace,
To take the worſe and leave the better place;
For if by owners we eſteem of things,
The wall's the ſubjects, but the way the Kings.

213. *A rule for Courtiers.*

He that will thrive in Court, muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blind, and deaf and dumb.

214. *Why women wear a fall.*

A queſtion 'tis, why women wear a fall?
The truth it is, to pride they're given all,
And pride, the proverb ſays, will have a fall.

215. *For as expertus.*

Priſcus hath been a traveller, for why?
He will ſo ſtrangely ſwagger, ſwear and ly.

216. *To a painted Whore.*

Whoſoever ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth jeſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty, that ſells all the reſt.

217. *Detur quod meritum.*

A Courtier kind in ſpeech, curſt in condition,
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden,

Cam

Came to his friend to clear his bad ſuſpition,
And fearing leſt he ſhould be more then chidden,
Fell to fiatt'ring and moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
Vowing to kiſſe his foot if he were bidden.
My foot ſaid he? nay that were too ſubmiſſe;
You three foot higher, well deſerve to kiſſe.

218. *Non lubens loquitur.*

Gluto, at meals is never heard to talk,
For which the more his chaps and chin do walk,
When every one that ſits about the bord,
Makes ſport to ask, what *Gluto*, ne'r a word?
He forc'd to anſwer being very loath
Is almoſt choak'd, ſpeaking and eating both.

219. *On Philos.*

If *Philos* none but thoſe are dead do praiſe,
I would I might diſpleaſe him all his dayes.

220. *The promiſe-breaker.*

Ventus doth promiſe much, but ſtill doth break,
So all his promiſes are great and weak:
Like bubbles in the water (round and light)
Swelling ſo great, that they are broke out-right.

221. *On a passing Bell.*

This dolefull musick of impartiall death,
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath.

222. *Nummos & dæmona jungit.*

Bat bids you swell with envy till you burst,
So he bee rich, and may his coffers fill,
Bringing th'example of the Fox that't curst, (kill;
And threatning folks who have least power to
For why 'tis known, his trade can never fall,
That hath already got the Devill and all.

223. *Nil gratum ratione carens.*

Paulus a Pamphlet doth in prose present
Unto his Lord; (the fruits of idle time)
Who far more careless, then therewith content,
Wisheth it were converted into rime:
Which done, and brought him at another season,
Said: now 'tis rime, before nor rime nor reason.

224. *Non cessat perdere lusor.*

Ask *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes:
Like to the tide (quoth he) it ebbes and flows,
Ther

Then I ſuppoſe his chance cannot bee good,
For all men know 'tis longer ebbe than flood.

225. *Womens policy.*

To weep oft, ſtill to flatter, ſometime ſpin,
Are properties, women excell men in.

226. *Volucrem ſic decipit auceps.*

Hidrus the Horſe-courſer (that cunning mate)
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate;
Claps on his hand, and prays he may not thrive,
If that his gelding be not under five.

227. *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor leſſe meant *Promus* when that vow hee made
Then to give o'r his couſening Tapſter trade,
Who check'd for ſhort and frothy meaſure ſwore
He never would from henceforth fill pot more.

On Death.

How baſe hath ſin made man, to fear a thing
Which men call *Mors*? wch yet hath loſt all ſting,
And is but a privation as we know,
Nay is no word if we exempt the Q:

Then let good men the fear of it defie,
All is but O, when they ſhall come to die.

228. *To Mr. Ben. Johnſon, demanding the reaſon, why hee call'd his playes works.*

Pray tell me *Ben.* where doth the myſtery lurk,
What others call a play, you call a work.

229. *Thus anſwer'd by a friend in B. Johnſons defence.*

The authors friend thus for the author ſays,
Bens plays are works, when others works are plays

230. *On Crambo a lowſie ſhifter.*

By want of ſhift, ſince lice at firſt are bred,
And after by the ſame increaſt and fed;
Crambo I muſe how you have lice ſo many,
Since all men know, you ſhift as much as any.

231. *Ad Ariſtarchum.*

Be not agriev'd, my humerous lines afford
Of looſer language here and there a word:
Who undertakes to ſweep a common ſinke,
I cannot blame him, though his broom do ſtink.

232. *In Aulum.*

Aulus gives naught, men say, though much hee crave,
Yet I can tell to whom the pox he gave.

233. *On covetous persons.*

Patrons are latrons, then by this
Th'are worst of greedy people,
Whose cognizance a wolfs head is,
And in his mouth a steeple.

234. *On a dyer.*

Who hath time hath life, that he denies,
This man hath both, yet still he dies.

235. *Non verbera, sed verba.*

Two Schollers late appointed for the field;
Must, which was weakest to the other yeeld;
The quarrell first began about a word,
Which now should be decided by the sword:
But e'r they drew, there fell that alteration,
As they grew friends again by disputation.

236. *To a neat Reader.*

Thou say'st my verses are rude, ragged, ruffe,
Not like some others rimes, smooth dainty stuffe;
Epigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,
Like Chesnuts sweet, take thou the kernell out.

237. *Of letting.*

In bed a young man with his old wife lay,
O wife, quoth he, I've let a thing to day;
By which I fear, I am a loser much:
His wife replyes, youths bargains still are such;
So turning from him angry at her heart,
She unawares let out a thundring——
O wife, quoth hee, no loser am I now,
A marv'lous saver I am made by you;
Young men that old wives have may never sell;
Because old wives, quoth he, let things so well.

238. *Sublata causa, &c.*

Why studies *Sylvester* no more the laws?
'Tis thought *Duck-lane* has tane away the cause.

239. *In Doſſum.*

Doſſe riding forth, the wind was very big,
And ſtrained court'ſie with his perriwig,
Leaving his ſconce behind ſo void of haire,
As *Eſops* crow might break her oyſter there;
Fool he to think his hair could tarry faſt,
When *Boreas* tears foreſts with a blaſt.

240. *Poſt dulcia, finis amarus.*

Jenkin a Welſhman that had ſuits in law,
Journying to *London*, chanc'd to ſteal a cow;
For which (pox on her luck as ne'r mon ſaw)
Was burnt within the fift and know not how:
Being ask'd if well the laws with him did ſtand,
Hur have hur now (quoth *Jenkin*) in hur hand.

241. *Feminæ ludificantur viros.*

Kind *Katherine* to her husband kiſt theſe words,
Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee!
If true (quoth *Will*) the world no ſuch affords.
And that it's true, I durſt his warrant bee;
For ne'r heard I of woman good or ill,
But always loved beſt, her own ſweet will.

242. *Ad Tusserum.*

Tusser, they tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou teaching thrift, thy self couldst never thrive;
So like the whetstone many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt.

243. *Præstat videri quam esse.*

Clitus with clients is well customed,
That hath the Laws but little studied;
No matter *Clitus* so they bring their fees,
How ill the case and thy advice agrees.

244. *Tute tua res agitur.*

A jealous Merchant that a Saylor met,
Ask'd him the reason why he meant to marry,
Knowing what ill their absence might beget,
That still at sea, constrained are to tarry?
Sir (quoth the saylor) think you that so strange?
'Tis done the time whiles you but walke th'ex-(change.

245. *A Conference.*

A Dane, a Spaniard, a Polonian,
My ſelf a Swiſſe, with an Hungarian,
At ſupper met, diſcourſed each with other,
Drank, laught, yet none that underſtood another.

246. *In Marcum.*

Marcus is not a hypocrite, and why?
He flys all good, to fly hypocriſy.

247. *Quid non verba ſuadeant?*

Sextus half ſalv'd his credit with a jeſt,
That at a reckoning this deviſe had got,
When he ſhould come to draw amongſt the reſt,
And ſaw each man had coin, himſelf had not;
His empty pocket feels, and 'gins to ſay,
In ſadneſſe ſirs, here's not a croſſe to pay.

248. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his faſteſt flight
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

249. *In divites.*

Rich men their wealth as children rattles keep,
When play'd a while with't then they fall asleep.

250. *In Fannium.*

What fury's this? his foe whilst *Fannius* flyes,
He kils himselfe, for feare of death he dies.

251. *On a vaunting Poetaster.*

Cecilius boasts his verses worthy bee
To be ingraven on a Cypresse tree;
A Cypresse wreath befits them well, tis true;
For they are neare their death and crave but due.

252. *In divites irascendos.*

Rich friends 'gainst poor to anger still are prone:
It is not well but profitably done.

253. *Durum telum necessitas.*

Coquus with hunger penniless constrain'd
To call for meat and wine three shillings cost,

Had

Had ſuddainly this project entertain'd,
In ſtead of what's to pay, to call mine hoſt;
Who being come entreateth him diſcuſſe,
What price the law allots for ſhedding blood:
Whereto mine hoſt directly anſwers thus;
'Twas alwayes forty pence he underſtood:
So then quoth *Coquus*, to requite your paines,
Pray break my head & give me what remaines.

254. *Love's Luna.*

Before I knew what might belong to war,
I was content to ſuffer many a ſcarre;
Yet none could hurt me, 'till at length a boy
(Diſgrace to manhood) wrought my ſad annoy,
This lad though blind, yet did he ſhoot a dart
Which pierc'd my breſt and lighted on my heart,
Yet did I feele no hurt, till from above
I heard a voyce ſay, Souldiers you muſt love,
I lik'd it well, and in this pleaſing vaine,
I loſt my wits to get my heart againe.

255. *To an upſtart.*

Thine old friends thou forgotſt having got wealth:
No marvaile, for thou haſt forgot thy ſelf.

256. *Suum cuique.*

A ſtrange contention being lately had,
Which kind of muſick was the ſweet'ſt and beſt,
Some prais'd the ſprightly ſound, & ſome the ſad,
Some lik't the viols; and among the reſt
Some in the bag-pipes commendation ſpoke,
Quoth one ſtood by, give me a pipe of ſmoke.

257. *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new faſhions doth inventt
Things which are old, young men do not eſteem;
What pleas'd our fathers, doth not us content:
What flouriſh'd then, wee out of faſhion deem:
And that's the cauſe as I do underſtand,
Why Prodigus did ſell his fathers Land.

258. *In Medicum.*

When Mingo cryes how do you ſir? 'tis thought
He Patients wanteth, and his practice's naught:
Wherefore of late, now every one he meeteth,
With [I am glad to ſee you well] he greeteth:
But who'll beleeve him now, when all can tell,
The world goes ill with him, when all are well?

259. *Criſpati crines plumæ dant calcar amori.*

Why is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?
And on his ſhoulder wears a dangling lock?
The one foretels hee'll ſooner fly then fight,
The other ſhows hee's wrapt in's mothers ſmock.
But wherefore wears hee ſuch a jingling ſpur?
O know, he deals with jades that will not ſtir.

260. *On Young-Bob.*

Bob, thou, nor ſouldier, theef, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'ſt; th'haſt one good part.

261. *On Glaucus.*

Glaucus a man, a womans hair doth wear,
But yet he wears the ſame comb'd out behind:
So men the wallet of their faults doe bear,
For if before him, he that fault ſhould find:
I think foul ſhame would his fair face invade,
To ſee a man ſo like a woman made.

262. *Dolo intimus.*

Not hauk, nor hound, nor horſe, thoſe letters hhh,
But ach it ſelf, 'tis *Brutus* bones attaches.

263. *Of Batardus.*

Batardus needs would know his Horoſcope;
To ſee if hee were born to ſcape the rope:
The *Magus* ſaid, ere thou mine anſwer have,
I muſt the name of both thy parents crave:
That ſaid; *Batardus* could not ſpeak but ſpit;
For on his fathers name he could not hit:
And out of doors at laſt he ſtept with ſhame,
To ask his mother for his fathers name.

264. *Conſuetudo lex.*

Two wooers for a wench were each at ſtrife,
Which ſhould enjoy her to his wedded wife:
Quoth th'one, ſhe's mine, becauſe I firſt her ſaw:
She's mine, quoth th'other, by Pye-corner law:
Where ſticking once a prick on what you buy,
It's then your own, which no man muſt deny.

265. *In Battum.*

Battus affirm'd no poet ever writ,
Before that love inſpir'd his dull-head wit:
And that himſelf in love, had wit no more,
Than one ſtark mad, though ſomwhat wiſe before.

266. *On mariage.*

Wedding and hanging the Deſtinies diſpatch,
But hanging ſeems to ſome the better match.

267. *Vidua aurata.*

Gallus hath got a widow wondrous old,
The reaſon is he woo'd her for her gold:
Knowing her maides are yong and ſerve for hire,
Which is as much as *Gallus* doth deſire.

268. *In Dol prægnantem.*

Dol learning *Propria quæ maribus* without book,
Like *Nomen creſcentis genitive* doth look.

269. *Againſt a certain*———

For mad-men Bedlam, Bridewell for a knave,
Chooſe whether of thoſe two th'adſt rather have.

270. *Loves progreſſe.*

Loves firſt approch, delights ſweet ſong doth ſing
But in departure, ſhe woes ſting doth bring.

271. *On old Scylla.*

Scylla is toothleſſe, yet, when ſhe was young,
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue:
What ſhall I then of toothleſſe *Scylla* ſay,
But that her tongue hath worn her teeth away?

272. *On Gallants cloaks.*

Without, plain cloaks; within, pluſh't: but I doubt
The wearer's worſt within, and beſt without.

275. *On Banks the uſurer.*

Banks feels no lameneſſe on his knotty gout,
His mony travels for him in and out:

And

And though the ſoundeſt legs go every day,
He toils to be at hell as ſoon as they.

274. *Pecunia prævalens.*

Tell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth or *Ariſtotles*;
Hang't, give him wealth enough; let wit ſtop bot-
tles.

275. *On the ſame.*

Tom vow'd to beat his boy againſt the wall,
And as he ſtruck he forthwith caught a fall:
The boy deriding, ſaid, I doe aver,
Y'have done a thing, you cannot ſtand to ſir.

276. *On debt.*

To be indebted is a ſhame men ſay,
Then 'tis confeſſing of a ſhame to pay.

277. *A forſworn maid.*

Roſa being falſe and periur'd, once a friend
Bid me contented be, and mark her end:
But yet I care not, let my friend go fiddle,
Let him mark her end, I'l mark her middle.

278. *On*

278. *On Soranzo.*

Soranzo's broad-brim'd hat I oft compare
To the vaſt compaſſe of the heavenly ſpheare:
His head, the earth's globe, fixed under it;
Whoſe center is, his wondrous little wit.

279. *To a great gueſt.*

With other friends I bid you to my feaſt,
Though comming late, yet are you not the leaſt.

280. *In Cottam.*

Cotta when he hath din'd ſaith, God be prais'd,
Yet never praiſeth God for meat or drink:
Sith *Cotta* ſpeaketh, and not practiſeth,
He ſpeaketh ſurely what he doth not think.

281. *De Corde & Lingua.*

The tongue was once a ſervant to the heart,
And what it gave ſhe freely did impart:
But now hypocriſie is grown ſo ſtrong,
She makes the heart a ſervant to the tongue.

282. *On Poverty.*

If thou be poor, thou ſhalt be ever ſo,
None now do wealth, but on the rich beſtow.

283. *In Ebrioſum.*

Fie man (ſaith ſhe) but I tell miſtris *Anne*,
Her drunken husband is no drunken man.
For thoſe wits which are overcome with drink,
Are void of reaſon, and are beaſts I think.

284. *Wils error.*

Will ſays his wife's ſo fat, ſhe ſcarce can goe,
But ſhe as nimbly anſwers, Faith Sir no:
Alas good *Will*, thou art miſtaken quite,
For all men know, that ſhe is wondrous light.

285. *On Rome.*

Hate and debate, *Rome* through the world hath ſpread,
Yet *Roma*, *amor* is, if backward read:
Then is't not ſtrange, *Rome* hate ſhould foſter? no,
For out of backward love all hate doth grow.

286.

All things have ſavour, though ſome very ſmall;
Nay, a box on the ear, hath no ſmell at all.

287. *Art, Fortune and Ignorance.*

When fortune fell aſleep, and hate did blind her,
Art, Fortune loſt; and Ignorance did find her:
Sith when, dull Ignorance with Fortunes ſtore,
Hath been inrich'd, and Art hath ſtill been poore.

288. *On Bibens.*

Bibens to ſhew his liberality,
Made *Luſus* drunk; (a noble quality, (prove
And much eſteem'd) which *Bibens* fain would
To be the ſign of his familiar love:
Luſus beware, thou'lt find him in the end,
Familiar Devill, no familiar friend.

289. *On Tobacco.*

Things which are common, common men do uſe,
The better ſort do common things refuſe:

Yet

Yet countries-cloth-breech,& court-velvet-hose
Puffe both alike Tobacco through the nose.

290. *On Cupid.*

Cupid no wonder was not cloth'd of old,
For love though naked, seldome e'r is cold.

291. *On Ebrio.*

See where *Don Ebrio*, like a Dutchman goes,
Yet drunk with English ale; one would suppose
That he would shoulder down each door & wall,
But they must stand, or he, poor fool must fall.

292. *On love.*

Love hath two divers wings, as lovers say:
Thou following him, with one he flies away;
With th'other, if thou fly he follows thee:
Therefore the last, Love, onely use for mee.

293. *On the same.*

Love, as 'tis said, doth work with such strange (tools,
That he can make fools wise-men, wise-men fools

Then happy I, for being nor fool, nor wiſe,
Love with his toyes and tools I ſhall deſpiſe.

294. *On a Woman.*

Some the word *Wanton* fetch, though with ſmall skil,
From thoſe that want one to effect their wil.
If ſo, I think that wantons there are none,
For till the world want men, can they want none.

Ingluviem ſequitur fames.

Curio would feed upon the daintyeſt fare,
That with the Court or country might compare:
For what lets *Curio* that he need to care,
To frolique freely with the proudſt that dare:
But this exceſſe was ſuch in all things rare,
As he prov'd bankrupt e'r hee was aware.

295. *On Maulſters.*

Such *Maulſters* as ill meaſure ſell for gain,
Are not meer knaves, but alſo knaves in grain.

296. *In Corbum.*

Corbus will not, perſwade him all I can,
The world ſhould take him for a Gentleman:

His

His reaſon's this, becauſe men ſhould not deem,
That he is ſuch as he doth never ſeem.

297. *On Priſcus Miſtris.*

Priſcus commends his Miſtris for a girle,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and whoſe teeth are pearle:
Th'had need prove ſo, or elſe it will be found,
He pays too dear; they coſt him many a pound.

298. *On Women.*

Women think wo——men far more conſtant be,
Than we–men, and the letter O we ſee,
In wo–men, not in we–men, as they ſay,
Figures earths conſtant Orbe; we–men ſay nay:
It means the Moon, which proves (none think it ſtrange
Women are cõſtant, & moſt true in change(

299. *On Souldiers.*

Nor faith, nor conſcience common ſouldiers carry,
Beſt pay, is right; their hands are mercenary.

300. *Druſius and Furio.*

Furio would fight with *Druſius* in the field,
Becauſe the ſtraw, ſtout *Druſius* would not yeeld,

On which their Mistris trod; they both did meet;
Prusius in fight fel dead at *Furio's* feet;
One had the Straw, but with it this greek letter Π
The other lost it, pray who had the better?

301. *On Cupid.*

Love is a boy, and subject to the rod
Some say, but lovers say he is a God:
I think that Love is neither god nor boy,
But a mad brains imaginary toy.

302. *On Candidus.*

When I am sick, not else, thou com'st to see me,
Would fortune from both torments still would (free me.

303. *On a Puritan.*

From impure mouths, now many bear the name
Of Puritan, yet merit not the same;
This one shall onely be my Puritan
That is a knave, yet seems an honest man.

304. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Pedes grown proud makes men admire thereat(it
Whoſe baſer breeding, ſhould they think not bear
Nay, he on cock-horſe rides, how like you that?
Tut! *Pedes* proverb is, Win gold and wear it.
But *Pedes* you have ſeen them riſe in haſt,
That through their pride have broke their neck
(at laſt.

305. *Vpon Lavina.*

Lavina brought to bed, her husband looks
To know's childs fortune throughout his books,
(rather,
His neighbours think h'had need ſearch backward
And learn for certain who had bin the father.

306. *Report and Errour.*

Errors by Error, Tales by Tales, great grow;
As Snow-balls do, by rowling to and fro.

307. *In Superbum.*

Ruſtick *Superbus* fine new cloths hath got,
Of Taffata and Velvet, fair in ſight;

The ſhew of which hath ſo bewitcht the ſot,
That he thinks Gentleman to be his right:
But he's deceiv'd; for true that is of old,
An Ape's an Ape, though hee wear cloath of gold.

308. *No truth in Wine.*

Truth is in wine, but none can find it there,
For in you Taverns, men will lie and ſweare.

309. *On Infidus.*

Infidus was ſo free of oaths laſt day,
That he would ſwear, what e'r he thought to ſay:
But now ſuch is his chance, whereat he's griev'd,
The more he ſwears, the leſſe he is believ'd.

310. *On Celſus.*

Celſus doth love himſelf, *Celſus* is wiſe,
For now no Rivall e'r can claim his prize.

311. *On Chriſtmaſſe Ivy.*

At Chriſtmaſſe men do always Ivy get,
And in each corner of the houſe it ſet:
But why do they, then, uſe that *Bacchus* weed?
Becauſe they mean, then, *Bacchus*-like to feed.

312. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting *Bacchus* to the earth did bend
His knee to drink a Health unto his friend:
And there he did ſo long in liquor pour,
That he lay quite ſick-drunk upon the floor.
Judg, was there not a drunkards kindneſſe ſhown,
To drink his friend a Health, and loſe his own?

313. *Of a fatman.*

He's rich, that hath great in-comes by the year:
Then that great belly'd man is rich, I'l ſwear:
For ſure his belly ne'r ſo big had bin,
Had he not daily had great commings in.

314. *A wiſhed Cramp.*

Some have the Cramp in legs, and hands, 'tis told,
I wiſh't in my wifes tongue, when ſhe doth ſcold.

315. *Vindicta vim ſequitur.*

Kitt being kick'd and ſpurr'd, purſues the Law,
That doom'd the dammage at twice forty pence.
Wch, when the party wch had wrong'd him, ſaw;
Thought 'twas too great a fine for ſuch offence.

Why

Why then, quoth *Kit*, If I too much requeſt,
Thou maiſt at any time lick out the reſt.

316. *On Flaccus.*

Flaccus being young, they ſaid hee was a Gull;
Of his ſimplicity each mouth was full:
And pitying him, they'd ſay, the fooliſh Lad
Would be deceived, ſure, of all he had.
His youth is paſt, now may they turn him looſe;
For why? the gull is grown to be a Gooſe.

317. *Per plumas anſer.*

See how young *Rufus* walks in green each day,
As if he ne'r was youthfull untill now:
Ere Chriſtmaſſe next, his green Gooſe wil be gray,
And thoſe high burniſh'd plumes in's cap wil bow:
But you do wrong him, ſince his purſe is full,
To call him Gooſe, that is ſo young a Gull.

318. *Of Jenkin.*

Jenkin is a rude clown, go tell him ſo;
What need I tell, what he himſelf doth know?
Perhaps he doth not, then he is a ſot;
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not?

319. *To Fortune.*

Poets ſay Fortune's blinde, and cannot ſee,
And therefore to be born withall, if ſhe
Sometimes drop gifts on undeſerving wights:
But ſure they are deceiv'd; ſhe hath her ſight,
Elſe could it not at all times ſo fall out,
That fools ſhould have, and wiſe men go without.

320. *On Briſcus.*

I pray you give Sir *Briſcus* leave to ſpeak,
The Gander loves to hear himſelf to creak.

321. *On an Engliſh Ape.*

Would you believe, when you this Monſieur ſee,
That his whole body ſhould ſpeak *French*, not hee?
That he untravell'd ſhould be *French* ſo much,
As *French* men in his company ſhould ſeem *dutch*?
Or hung ſome *Monſieurs* picture on the wal,
By which his *damme* conceiv'd him, cloaths & all?
No, 'tis the new French Taylors motion, made
Dayly to walk th'Exchange, and help the trade.

322. *Nulla dies ſine linea.*

By ever learning, *Solon* waxed old,
For time he knew, was better far then gold:
Fortune would give him gold which would decay
But fortune cannot give him yeſterday.

323. *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife, a Harts-head he had bought,
To hang his hat upon, and home it brought:
To whom his frugall wife, What needs that care?
I hope, ſweet-heart, your head your hat can beare.

324. *On More-dew.*

More-dew the Mercer, with a kind Salute,
Would needs intreat my cuſtome for a ſuite:
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,
What e'r you pleaſe, I'l take your word for all.
I thank'd, took, gave my word; ſay than,
Am I at all indebted to this man?

325. *On Sims mariage.*

Six moneths, quoth *Sim*, a Suiter, and not ſped?
I in a ſev'n-night did both woo and wed. (ſhake;
Who green fruit loves, muſt take long paines to
Thine was ſome down-fall, I dare undertake.

326. *Upon Sis.*

Sis brags ſh'hath beauty, and will prove the ſame:
As how? as thus Sir; 'tis her Puppies name.

327. *On Clym.*

Clym cals his wife, and reckoning all his neighbors
Juſt half of them are Cuckolds, he avers.
Nay fie, quoth ſhe, I would they heard you ſpeak;
You of your ſelf, it ſeems, no reckoning make.

328. *Turpe lucrum Veneris.*

Will in a wilfull humour needs would wed
A wench of wonder, but without a ſtock, (ſpred,
Whoſe fame no ſooner through the ſtreet was
But thither ſtraight our chiefeſt Gallants flock.
Put caſe ſhe's poor, brings ſhe not chapmen on?
I hope his ſtock may ſerve to graffe upon.

329. *On Womens faults.*

We men in many faults abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worst that from their sex proceeds,
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds.

330. *To a Muck-worm.*

Content great riches is to make which true,
Your Heir would bee content to bury you.

331. *On Law.*

Our civill Law doth seem a Royall thing,
It hath more titles then the Spanish King:
But yet the Common-Law quite puts it down,
In getting, like the Pope, so many a Crown.

332. *In Coam.*

A noon will Coa espy,
Till she ascend up the corner'd sky.

333. *De Ore.*

Os of *O*, a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make;
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take:
And I had been of *Scaligers* belief,
But that I look'd in *O*, and saw no Teeth.

334. *In Hugonem.*

Though praise, and please, doth *Hugo* never none,
Yet praise, and please, doth *Hugo* ever one;
For praise, and please, doth *Hugo* himself alone.

335. *On Severus.*

Severus is extreme in eloquence,
For he creates rare phrase, but rarer sense:
Unto his Serving-man, *alias* his Boy,
He utters speech exceeding quaint and coy;
Diminutive, and my defective slave,
My Pleasures pleasure is, that I must have
My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
T'insconce my person from frigidity.
His Man believs all's Welsh his master spoke,
Till he rails English; Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

336. *On a Gallant.*

What Gallant's that, whose oaths fly through (nine eats?
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he swears!
How Dutch-man like he swallows downe his (drink!
How sweet he takes Tobacco till he stink!
How lofty sprighted, he disdains a Boor!
How faithfull hearted he is to a ———!
How cock-tail proud he doth himself advance!
How rare his spurs do ring the Morrice-dance!
Now I protest by Mistris *Susans* Fan,
He and his boy will make a proper Man.

337. *On* Vertue, Milla's *Maid.*

Saith *Aristotle*, *Vertue* ought to bee
Communicative of her self, and free;
And hath not *Vertue*, *Milla's* maid, been so?
Who's grown hereby, as big as she can go.

338. *On Corydon.*

An home-spun Peasant with his Urine-glasse,
The Doctor ask'd what Country-man he was.
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,
Your worship, that, shall by my water know.

339. *On a Spaniſh Souldier.*

A Spaniſh ſouldier, ſick unto the death,
His Piſtoll to's Phyſitian did bequeath.
Who did demand, what ſhould the reaſon be,
'Bove other things to give him that; (quoth he)
This with your practice joyned, you may kill,
Sir, all alive, and have the world at will.

340. *Vpon the Aſſe.*

The Aſſe a Courtier on a time would bee,
And travail'd forain Nations for to ſee;
But home returned, faſhion he could none,
His main and tail were onely larger grown.

341. *On Hypocriſie.*

As Veniſon in a poor mans kitchin's rare;
So Hypocrites and Uſurers in Heaven are.

342. *Dæmonum certamen.*

A Broker and an Uſurer contended,
Which in's profeſſion was the moſt befriended;
And for experience more to have it tryde,
A Scrivener muſt the difference decide:
To whom (quoth he) you like the Fox & Cub,
One ſhall be *Mammon*, th'other *Belzebub*.

343. *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dyes, as Poets ſung;
His heart's the laſt that ſtirs, of hers, the tongue.

344. *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus*, why he had no wife?
(Quoth he) becauſe I'd live a quiet life.

345. *On Furnus.*

Furnus takes pains, he need not without doubt,
O yes, he labors much. How? with the Gout.

346. *Quid non ebrietas.*

Rubin reports, his Miſtris is a Punk:
Which being told her, was no whit diſmaid,
For ſure as death (quoth ſhe the villain's drunk)
And in that taking, knows not what he ſaid.
'Twas well excus'd, but oft it comes to paſſe,
That true we find, *In vino veritas.*

347. *Infirmis animosus.*

Pontus by no means from his coyn departs;
Z'foot, will you have of men more than their (hearts?

348. *A culina ad curiam.*

Lixa, that long a Serving-groom hath been,
Will now no more the man be known or seen:
And reason good, he hath the place resign'd;
Witnes his cloak, throughout with velvet lin'd.
Which by a Paradox comes thus to passe;
The greasie Gull is turn'd a gallant asse.

349. *Frustra vocaveris heri.*

Dick had but two words to maintain him ever,
And that was Stand, and after stand Deliver.
But *Dick's* in Newgate, and he fears shall never
Be blest again with that sweet word, Deliver.

350. *Magnis non est morandum.*

See how *Silenus* walks accomplished,
With due performance of his Fathers Page:

Looks back of purpoſe to be honoured,
And on each ſlight occaſion 'gins to rage;
You, villain, dog! where hath your ſtay bin ſuch?
Quoth he, the Broker would not lend ſo much.

351. *Puduit ſua damna referre.*

Such ill ſucceſſe had *Dick* at Dice laſt night,
As he was forc'd, next day, play leaſt in ſight:
But if you love him, make thereof no ſpeeches,
He loſt his Rapier, Cloak, and Velvet Breeches.

352. *Ad lectorem.*

Reader, thou ſeeſt how pale theſe papers look,
While they fear thy hard cenſure on my book.

353. *Nimis docuit conſuetudo.*

Old *Fucus* board is oft repleniſhed,
But naught thereof muſt be diminiſhed,
Unleſſe ſome worthleſſe upper-diſh or twain;
The reſt for ſervice ſtill again remain.
His man that us'd to bring them in for ſhow,
Leaving a diſh upon the bench below,
Was by his Maſter (much offended) blam'd,
Which he, as brief, with anſwer quickly fram'd;

T'hath

T'hath been ſo often brought afore this day,
As now ch'ad thoſt it ſelf had known the way.

354. *Poculo junguntur amici.*

A health, ſaith *Lucas*, to his Loves bright ey;
Which not to pledge, were much indignity;
You cannot doe him greater courteſie,
Than to be drunk, and damn'd for company.

355. *Nullum ſtimulum ignaris.*

Cæcus awake, was toll'd the Sun appear'd,
Which had the darkneſſe of the morning clear'd:
But *Cæcus* ſluggiſh, thereto makes reply,
The Sun hath further far to go then I.

356. *In Richardum.*

At three go downs *Dick* doffs me off a pot,
The Engliſh Gutter's Latine for his throat.

357. *Non penna, ſed uſus.*

Cajus accounts himſelf accurſt of men,
Onely becauſe his Lady loves him not:
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her pen,
And yet hath ſince, another Tutor got.

Cajus it ſeems, thy skill ſhe did but cheapen,
And means to try him at another weapon.

358. *An abſolute Gallant.*

If you will ſee true valour here diſplay'd,
Hear *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid.
D'ye ſee me wrong'd, and will ye thus reſtrain me?
Sir let me go, for by theſe hilts I'll brain ye.
Shall a baſe patch with appearance wrong me?
I'll kill the villain, pray do not prolong me;
Call my Tobacco putrified ſtuffe?
Tell me it ſtinks? ſay it is droſſe I ſnuffe?
Sirrah! what are you? why Sir, what would you?
I am a Prentice, and will knock you too:
O are you ſo? I cry you mercy then,
I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

359. *To Momus.*

Momus thou ſay'ſt my verſes are but toyes:
'Tis true, yet truth is often ſpoke by boyes.

360. *In Dolentem.*

Dolens doth ſhew his purſe, and tell you this,
It is more horrid then a Peſt-houſe is;

For

For in a Peſt-houſe many mortals enter,
But in his Purſe one Angell dares not venter.

361. *Ambo-dexter.*

Two Gentlemen of hot and fiery ſp'rite,
Took boat and went up weſtward to go fight;
Embarked both, for Wend-worth they ſet Sail,
And there arriving with a happy gale,
The water-men diſcharged for their fare,
Then to be parted, thus their minds declare:
Pray Oares, ſay they, ſtay here, and come not nigh,
We go to fight a little but here by:
The Water-men, with ſtaves did follow then,
And cry'd, oh hold your hands, good Gentlemen,
You know the danger of the Law, forbear;
So they put weapons up, and fell to ſwear.

362. *Additio perditio.*

From M*all* but merry, men but mirth derive,
For *trix* tis makes her prove demonſtrative.

363. *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah, come hither, boy, take view of me,
My Lady I am purpos'd to goe ſee;

Cajus it ſeems, thy skill ſhe did but cheapen,
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For *trix* tis makes her prove demonſtrative.

363. *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah, come hither, boy, take view of me,
My Lady I am purpos'd to goe ſee;

What doth my Feather flouriſh with a grace?
And this my curled hair become my face?
How decent doth my doublet's form appeare?
I would I had my Sute in Long-lane here.
Do not my ſpurs pronounce a ſilver ſound?
Is not my hoſe-circumference profound?
Sir theſe be well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Taylor with a ſheet of Paper-bill,
Vow's he'll be paid, and Sergeants he hath fee'd,
Which wait your comming forth to do the deed.
Boy God-a-mercy, let my Lady ſtay,
I'll ſee no Counter for her ſake to day.

364. *In Sextum.*

Sextus ſix pockets wears, two for his uſes,
The other four to pocket up abuſes.

365. *A Stammerer.*

Balbus with other men would angry be,
Becauſe they could not ſpeak as well as he;
For others ſpeak but with their mouth he knows,
But *Balbus* ſpeaks both through the mouth and (noſe.

366. *Tom's fortune.*

Tom tel's he's robb'd, and counting all his losses,
Concludes, all's gone, the world is full of crosses:
If all be gone, *Tom* take this comfort then,
Th'art certain never to have crosse agen.

367. *Opus & Vsus.*

Opus for need consum'd his wealth apace,
And ne'r would cease untill he was undone;
His brother *Vsus* liv'd in better case
Than *Opus* did, although the eldest son.
'Tis strange it should be so, yet here was it,
Opus had all the Land, *Vsus* the Wit.

368. *A good wife.*

A Batchelor would have a Wife were wise,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed——
Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultlesse size;
A Country housewife in the City bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath staid;
He should bespeak her, ther's none ready made.

369. *Vpon Gellia.*

When *Gellia* went to ſchool, and was a girle,
Her teeth for whitenes might compare with pearle
But after ſhe the taſte of ſweet meats knew,
They turn'd all Opalls, to a perfect blew;
Now *Gellia* takes Tobacco, what ſhould let,
But laſt they ſhould converted be to jet?

370. *On an unconſtant Miſtreſſe.*

I dare not much ſay when I thee commend,
Leſt thou be changed e'r my praiſes end.

371. *In Lesbiam.*

Why ſhould I love thee *Lesbia*? I no reaſon ſee:
Then out of reaſon, *Lesbia*, I love thee.

372. *In Paulinum.*

Paul by day wrongs me, yet he daily ſweares,
He wiſheth me as well as to his ſoul:
I know his drift to damn that he nought cares,
To pleaſe his body; therefore good friend *Paul*,

If

If thy kind nature will afford me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy body's place.

373. *On Zeno.*

Zeno would fain th'old widow *Egle* have;
Truſt me he's wiſe, for ſhe is rich and brave:
But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, ſhe will none of you;
In my mind ſhe's the wiſer of the two.

374. *Of a Drunkard.*

Cinna one time moſt wonderfully ſwore,
That whilſt he breathed he would drink no more.
But ſince I know his meaning, for I think
He meant he would not breath whilſt he did drink

375. *To Cotta.*

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not ſalute thee,
I us'd it whilſt I worthy did repute thee;
Now thou art made a painted ſaint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit Idolatry.

376. *To Women.*

Ye that have beauty, and withall no pitty,
Are like a prick-ſong leſſon without ditty.

377. *On Creta.*

Creta doth love her husband wondrous well,
It needs no proof, for every one can tell:
So strong's her love, that if I not mistake,
It doth extend to others for his sake.

378. *On Priscus.*

Why still doth *Priscus* strive to have the wall?
Because he's often drunk and fears to fall.

379. *Vpon Indeedla.*

Indeedla grumbles much, that he a penny
Is levyed in collection to the poor;
Indeedla but you are the first of any,
Will contribute unto a handsome whore.

380. *On Rufus.*

At all, quoth *Rufus*, lay you what you dare,
I'll throw at all, and 'twere a peck of gold;
No life lies on't, then coyn I'll never spare;
Why *Rufus*, that's the cause of all that's sold?
For with frank Gamesters it doth oft befall,
They throw at all, till thrown quite out of all.

381. *On Tobacco.*

Tobacco is a weed of ſo great pow'r,
That it (like earth) doth all it ſeeds, devour.

382. *Upon Naſuto.*

When at the Table once I did averre,
Well taken diſcords beſt did pleaſe the eare,
And would be judg'd by any Quiriſter,
Were in the Chappel, *Paul's*, or *Weſtminſter*;
Naſuto ſitting at the nether end, (friend,
(Firſt having drunk and cough'd) quoth he my
If that were true, my wife and I, I feare,
Should ſoon be ſent to ſome Cathedral Quire.

383. *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deep diſcourteſie,
Call's an Atturny meer Neceſſitie:
The more knave he; admit he had no law,
Muſt he be flouted at by every Daw?

384. *On Furius.*

Furius a lover was, and had loving fits,
He lov'd ſo madly that he loſt his wits;

Yet

Yet he loſt nought, yet grant I, he was mad,
How could he loſe that which he never had?

385. *Fools Fortune.*

Fools have great fortune, but yet not all,
For ſome are great fools, whoſe fortune's ſmall.

386. *Tace ſed age.*

Little or nothing ſaid, ſoon mended is,
But they that nothing do, do moſt amiſſe.

387. *On Count-ſurly.*

Count-ſurly will no Scholler entertain:
Or any wiſer then himſelf; how ſo?
The reaſon is, when fools are in his train,
His wit amongſt them, makes a goodly ſhow.

388. *On Women.*

When man lay dead-like, woman took her life,
From a crook't embleme of her nuptiall ſtrife;
And hence (as bones would be at reſt) her eaſe
She loves ſo well, and is ſo hard to pleaſe.

389. *Poor Irus.*

Irus uſing to lye upon the ground,
One morning under him a feather found,
Have I all night here lien ſo hard (quoth he)
Having but one poor feather under me:
I wonder much then how they take their eaſe,
That night by night, lie on a bed of theſe.

390. *Merry Doll.*

I blame not luſty *Doll*, that ſtrives ſo much,
To keep her light heart free from ſorrows touch;
Shee'll dance and ſing a hem boyes, hey all ſix,
She's ſteel toth' back, all mirth, all *meretrix.*

391. *Heaven and Hell.*

If Heaven's call'd the place where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, pray call that Hell.

392.

A young beginner walking through Cheap-ſide,
A houſe ſhut up he preſently eſpy'd
And read the bill, which o'r the dore was ſet,
Which ſaid, the houſe and ſhop was to be let;

That

That known, he ask'd a young man presently,
Which at the next door stood demurely.
May not this shop be let alone? quoth hee,
Yes, you may let't alone for ought I see.

393. *On a Woman.*

All women naturally are called *Eves*,
Because from *Eve* all women do proceed,
And by TH. are women turn'd to theeves,
Then unto *Eve* if you put *l.* behind,
Your woman's turn'd quite from *Eve* to *Evel:*
But place a *D.* before, and you shall find
That she by doing *Evel* is turn'd *Devel*, (Evel
So that from Eves to Theeves, from Theeves to
Women do run untill they come to th' Devel.

394. *On deaf Joan.*

She prates to others, yet can nothing heare,
Just like a sounding Jugge that wants an eare.

395. *Of an ill Wife.*

Priscus was weeping when his wife did die,
Yet he was then in better case then I:
I should be merry, and should think to thrive,
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

396.

Megge lets her husband boast of rule and riches,
But she rules all the roast, and wears the breeches.

397. *Deaths trade.*

Death is a Fisherman, the world we see
His Fish-pond is, and we the Fishes bee.
He sometimes Angler-like, doth with us play,
And slily takes us one by one away;
Diseases are the murthering hooks, which he
Doth catch us with, the bait mortalitie,
Which we poor silly fish devour, till strook,
At last too late we feel the bitter hook.
At other times he brings his net, and then
At once sweeps up whole Cities full of men,
Drawing up thousands at a draught, and saves
Onely some few, to make the others graves:
His net some raging pestilence; now he
Is not so kind as other Fishers be;
For if they take one of the smaller frye,
They throw him in again, he shall not dye:
But death is sure to kill all he can get,
And all is fish with him that comes to net.

398. *Valiant in drink.*

Who onely in his cups will fight, is like
A clock that must be oyl'd well ere it strike.

399. *Master and Scholler.*

A *Pedant* ask'd a *Puny* ripe and bold,
In an hard froſt, the Latine word for *cold*:
I'll tell you out of hand, (quoth he) for lo,
I have it my fingers ends, you know.

400. *Gaſters great belly.*

Gaſter did ſeem to mee to want his eyes,
For he could neither ſee his legs nor thighs;
But yet it was not ſo, he had his ſight,
Onely his belly hanged in his light.

401. *Drunken Dick.*

When *Dick* for want of drunken mates grows ſick,
Then with himſelf to work goes faithfull *Dick*.
The buttery dore t'himſelf he ſhutteth cloſe,
That done, then goes the pot ſtraight wayes to't
(noſe:

A health (quoth noble *Dick*) each hogs-heads then
Muſt ſeeming pledge this honeſt faithfull man:
But ſtraight from kindnes *Dick* to humors grows,
And then to th'barrels he his valour ſhows,
Throwing about the cups, the pots, the glaſſes,
And rails at th'nuns; calling them drunken aſſes:
Ne'r ceaſing this ſame faithfull coyl to keep,
Till under th'hogſhead *Dick* fals faſt aſleep.

402. *In Sextinum.*

A pretty block *Sextinus* names his Hat,
So much the fitter for his head by that.

403. *Sine Sanguine.*

Ralph challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,
Their Parents heard on't, O how they lamented!
But good luck was, they ſoon were free'd of fear,
The one ne'r meant, the other came not there.

404. *On humane bodies.*

Our bodies are like ſhooes, which off we caſt,
Phyſick their Cobler is, and death the Laſt.

405. *A toothlesse-pratler.*

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordain,
The nimble frisking tongue for to contain:
No marvell then since that the hedge is out,
If *Fuscus* tongue walketh so fast about.

406. *A musicall Lady.*

A Lady fairer far then fortunate,
(In dancing)thus o'r-shot her self of late,
The musick not in tune, pleas'd not her minde,
For which she with the Fidlers fault did finde;
Fidlers(quoth she)your fiddles tune for shame,
But as she was a speaking of the same,
To mend the consort, let she did a (f.)
Whereas the fidling knaves thus did her greet,
Madam your pipe's in tune, it plays most sweet,
Strike up qd. they,(but then the knaves did smile)
And as you pipe, we'll dance another while.
At which,away the blushing Lady flings,
But as she goes,her former notes she sings.

407. *In Laurettam.*

Lauretta is laid o'r,how I'l not say,
And yet I think two manner of wayes I may,

Dou-

Doubly laid o'r, *videlicet*, her face,
Laid o'r with colours, and her coat with lace,

408. *On Macer.*

You call my verſes toys, th'are ſo, 'tis true,
Yet they are better then ought comes from you.

409. *Briskap the Gallant.*

Though thou haſt little judgment in thy head,
More than to dreſſe thee, drink and go to bed;
Yet may'ſt thou take the wall, & th'way ſhalt lead,
Sith Logick will's that ſimple things precede.

410. *Neceſſity hath no Law.*

Florus did beat his Cook, and 'gan to ſweare,
Becauſe his meat was rotten roſted there. (Law,
Peace good Sir (quoth the Cook) Need hath no
'Tis rotten roſted, 'cauſe 'twas rotten raw.

411. *In Carentium.*

Carentius might have wedded where hee woo'd,
But he was poor, his means was nothing good,
'Twas but for lack of living that he loſt her;
For why? no penny now, no *Pater noſter.*

412. *On Harpax.*

Harpax gave to the poor all by his will,
Because his heir should not faign'd tears distill.

413. *To a Barber.*

Tonsorius onely lives by cutting haire,
And yet he brags that Kings to him sit bare;
Me thinks he should not brag and boast of it,
For he must stand to beggers while they sit.

414. *Vpon Grandtorto.*

The morrow after just Saint *George* day,
Grandtorto piteous drunk, sate in a ditch,
His hands by's side, his gelding strai'd away,
His scarlet hose, and doublet very rich;
With mud and mire all beastly raid, and by
His feather with his close-stool-hat did lye.
We ask'd the reason of his sitting there,
Zound's cause I am King *Solomon* (quoth he)
And in my throne; then for the Love we beare,
(Replyed my self) unto your Majesty,
We'll pull you out, & henceforth wish your grace
Would speak your Proverbs in a warmer place.

415. *The Fencer and Phyſick Doctor.*

Lie thus (the Fencer cryes) thus muſt you guard,
Thus muſt you ſlip, thus point, thus paſs, thus ward
And if you kill him Sir, this trick learn then
With this ſame trick you may kill many men.
A Doctor ſtanding by, cryes, Fencing fool,
Both you and he to me may come to School,
Thou doſt but prate: my deeds ſhal ſhow my skill
Where thou hurt'ſt one, an hundred I do kill.

416. *In Luſiam.*

Luſia who ſcorns all others imitations,
Cannot abide to be outgone in fashions:
She ſays ſhe cannot have a hat or ruffe,
A gown, a petticoat, a band, or cuffe,
But that theſe Citizens (whom ſhee doth hate)
Will get into't, at ne'r ſo dear a rate:
But *Luſia* now doth ſuch a fashion wear,
Whoſe hair is curl'd, & coſts her ſomewhat dear:
That there's no Citizen, what e'r ſhe be,
Can be transform'd ſo like an Owl as ſhe.

417. *A Civilian.*

A lusty old grown-grave gray-headed Sire,
Stole to a wench, to quench his lusts desire;
She ask'd him what profession he might be?
I am a Civill Lawyer, girl, (quoth he)
A Civill Lawyer Sir! you make me muse,
Your talk's too broad for civill men to use:
If Civill Lawyers are such bawdy men,
Oh what (quoth she) are other Lawyers then?

418. *Rainaldo, and Reiner.*

Rainaldo meeting *Reiner* in the street,
Deep in his debt, he doth thus *Reiner* greet,
You know some money is betwixt us two,
That well-nigh now these ten years hath bin due.
Quoth *Reiner* (looking down unto his feet)
I' faith and we will part it, if I see't:
But as I live *Rainaldo* I find none,
As fain as you, I would you had your owne.

419. *Spinus his choice.*

Spinus would wed, but he would have a wench
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spanish, French,

But

But I disswade him; for if she hath any,
She hath enough; if two, she hath two too many.

420. *Backbiters.*

When *Codrus* catches fleas, what e'r he ailes,
He kills them with his teeth, not his nails;
Saying, that man by man may blameless go,
If every one would use Backbiters so.

421. *In Salonus.*

Oft in the night, *Salonus* is inclin'd,
To rise and pisse; and doth as oft break wind:
If's urinall be glasse, as 'tis no doubt,
I wonder it so many cracks holds out.

422. *In Leonatum.*

The filthyest, the fowlest, deformedst lasse,
That is, will be, I think or ever was,
Leonatus loves; wherewith should she him draw,
Except as she's like jet, he be like straw?

423. *Nosce teipsum.*

Walking and meeting one not long ago,
I ask't who 'twas, he said he did not know:

I ſaid, I know thee; ſo ſaid he, I you,
But he that knows himſelf I never knew.

424. *On old Silvinus.*

Silvius by Simony a living got,
And he liv'd well upon it; pray why not?
For he the poor did pill, the rich did lurch,
And ſo became a pillar of the Church.

425. *On Perfumes.*

They that ſmell leaſt, ſmell beſt: which intimates,
They ſmell like beaſts that ſmell like Civet Cats.

426. *Arcades ambo.*

Jack and *Dick* both with one woman dealt
So long till ſhe the pains of woman felt:
Now *Dick* he thinks to put a trick on *Jack*;
And *Jack* again to hang it on *Dicks* back:
Which got the child, it makes a double caſe,
It hath ſo like (they ſay) *Jack's* noſe, *Dick's* face,
But by both marks my judgment ſhould be quick,
Et vitulo tu dignus Jack & Dick.

427. *Ne fide calvi.*

When *Lassa* walks abroad she paints her face,
And then she would be seen in every place,
For then your Gallants who so e'r they are,
Under a colour will account her faire.

428. *In Flavium.*

When *Flavius* once would needs praise Tin,
His brain could bring no reasons in,
But what his belly did bethink,
Platters for meat, and Pots for drink.

429. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs must bee,
For she was forc'd by Law to marry thee.

430. *In Virtutem.*

Vertue we praise, but practise not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men do talk of *Robin-Hood*,
Who never yet shot arrow in his bow.

431. *A good wits diet.*

That which upholds our tottering walls of flesh,
Is food: and that which doth blir wits refresh,
Is wholsome study: for like stronger fare,
Be solid Arts, but sweat meats Poems are.

432. *On Womens tongue.*

Things that be bitter, bitterer than gall,
Physitians say, are alwayes Physicall.
Then womens tongues, if into powder beaten,
And in a potion, or a pill be eaten,
Nothing more bitter is, I therefore muse,
That womens tongues in Physick they ne'r use:
There's many men who live unquiet lives,
Would spare that bitter member of their wives.
Then prove them Doctor, use them in a pill;
Things oft help sick men, that do sound men kill.

433. *A proper comparison.*

As there are three blue beans in a blue bladder,
As there are thrice three rounds in a long ladder,
As there are three nooks in a corner'd cap,
And three corners and one in a map,

Even

Even ſo like all theſe,
There are three Univerſities.

434. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it in the juſt,
Shews of the reſurrection little truſt.

435. *Woman.*

Woman was once a rib, (as truth hath ſaid)
Elſe ſith her tongue runs wide from every point,
I ſhould have dream'd her ſubſtance had bin made
Of *Adams* whirlebone, when 'twas out of joynt.

436. *Peperit, &c.*

Nels husband ſaid, ſhee brought him nought but (toys,
But yet (without his help) ſhe brings him boys.

437. *Inſipiens.*

Two friends diſcourſing that together ſtood,
The one enquiring if the other could

Tell

Tell whether such a man were wise?
He answer'd no, but he is otherwise.

438. *Romes wiselesse Clergy.*

Long did I wonder, and I wonder'd much,
Rome should her Clergy that contentment grudge
As to debar them of their proper due;
What, doth she all with continence indue?
O no; they find a womans lips so dainty,
They'll ty themselves from one, 'cause they'll have twenty.

439. *On Eves Apples.*

Eve for thy fruit thou gav'st too dear a price,
What? for an apple give a Paradise?
If now of dayes of fruit such gains were made,
A Coster-monger were a devilish trade.

440.

Will the Perfumer met me in the street,
I stood amaz'd, he ask'd me what I meant;
In faith, said I, your gloves are very sweet,
And yet your breath doth cast a stronger sent.

441. *On*

441. *On Poeticall Blinkes.*

He nine ways looks, and needs muſt learned be,
That all the Muſes at one view can ſee.

442. *A conceit.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a nut,
With a ſharpe knife his finger deeply cut,
What ſign is this, quoth he, can any tell?
'Tis ſign, quoth one, y'have cut your finger well.
Not ſo, ſaith he, for now my finger's ſore,
And I am ſure that it was well before.

443. *Women.*

Howſoe'r they be, thus do they ſeem to me,
They be and ſeem not, ſeem what leaſt they be.

444. *Mutuans Diſſimulans.*

Dick crafty borrows to no other end,
But that he will not ought to others lend,
That elſe might ask him: 'Tis ſome wiſdome *Dick*
How ere accounted but a knavish trick.

445. *On Giles and Joan.*

Who ſays that *Giles* and *Joan* at diſcord be?
Th'obſerving neighbours, no ſuch mood can ſee:
Indeed poor *Giles* repents he maried her,
But that his *Joan* doth too: & *Giles* would never,
By his good will, be in *Joans* company,
No more would *Joan* he ſhould. *Giles* riſeth early,
And having got him out of doors is glad:
The like is *Joan*. But turning home is ſad,
And ſo is *Joan*. Oft times when *Giles* doth find
Harſh ſighs at home, *Giles* wiſhes he were blind:
All this doth *Joan*: or that his long yearn'd life
Were quite out-ſpun: the like wiſh hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, *Giles* ſwears are none
Of his begetting, and ſo ſweareth *Joan*.
In all affections ſhe concurreth ſtill;
If now with man and wife to will and nill
The ſelf-ſame things, a note of concord be;
I know no couple better can agree.

446. *A cure for Impatience.*

Who would be patient, wait he at the Pool,
For Bull-heads, or for Block-heads in the School.

447. *To Miſtris mutable.*

Love runs within your veins, as it were mixt
With quick-ſilver, but would be wiſely fixt:
For though you may for beauty bear the bell,
Yet ever to ring Changes ſounds not well.

448. *Of a Mad-man.*

One ask'd a mad man, if a wife he had?
A wife! quoth he, I never was ſo mad.

449. *To Scilla.*

If it be true that promiſe be a debt,
Then *Scilla* will her freedome hardly get;
For if ſhe hath vow'd her ſervice to ſo many,
She'll neither pay them all, nor part from any.
Yet ſhe to ſatisfie her debts, deſires
To yeeld her body, as the Law requires.

450. *Neſcit, quid ſerus veſper vehat.*

Lyncus deviſeth as he lies in bed,
What new apparell he were beſt to make him:
So many faſhions flow within his head,
As much he fears the Taylor will miſtake him:

But hee miſtook him not, that by the way
Did for his old ſuit lay him up that day.

451. *To Ficus.*

Ficus hath loſt his noſe, but knows not how,
And that ſeems ſtrange to ev'ry one that knows it:
Me thinks I ſee it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cauſe that he did loſe it.
To tell you true, *Ficus*, I thus ſuppoſe,
'Twas ſome French Caniball bit off your noſe.

452. *On a painted Curtezan.*

Whoſoever ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth jeſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty that ſell'ſt all the reſt.

453. *Of Arnaldo.*

Arnaldo free from fault, demauds his wife,
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life?
Quoth ſhe, good husband do not now repent,
I far more burthens bear, yet am content.

454. *Quis niſi mentis inops——*

Ware proffer'd ſtink; yet ſtay good Proverbe, ſtay,
Thou art deceiv'd, as Clients beſt can ſay;
Who proffering trebble fees, for ſingle care,
It's well accepted, gold it is ſuch ware.

455. *On a friend indeed.*

A reall friend a Cannon cannot batter; (ter.
With nom'nall friends, a Squib's a perilous mat-

456. *On an Italian proverb.*

Three women met upon the market day,
Do make a Market; (they do uſe to ſay
In *Italy*) and why? their tongues do walk
As loud, as if an hundred men did talk.
Some hearing this, ſwore had his wife bin there
And made a fourth, there might have bin a Faire.

457. *Mans ingreſſe and egreſſe.*

Nature, which headlong into life did throng us,
With our feet forward to our grave doth bring us

What is leſſe ours, then this our borrow'd breath?
We ſtumble into life, we go to death.

458. *On bad debtors.*

Bad debtors are good lyers; for they ſay,
I'll pay you without fail, on ſuch a day;
Come is the day, to come the debt is ſtill,
So ſtill they lye, though ſtand in debt they will.
But *Fulcus* hath ſo oft ly'd in this wiſe,
That now he lies in *Ludgate* for his lyes.

459. *On a Juſtaſſe.*

A *Juſtice* walking o'r the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round, began to crack;
He ſaid to's man, Here is ſome danger, *James*,
I prethee help me over on thy back.

460. *Genitoris neſcius.*

Tom asks no fathers bleſſing, if you note him,
And wiſer he, unleſſe he knew who got him.

461. *To a ſleeping talker.*

In ſleep thou talk'ſt un-forethought myſteries,
And utter'ſt un-foreſeen things, with cloſe eyes.

How

How welwouldſt thou diſcourſe if thou wert dead
Since ſleep, death's image, ſuch fine talk hath bred?

462. *Omne ſimile non eſt idem.*

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine
Miſtook a painted Madam for a Sign,
That in a window ſtood; but I acquainted,
Told him it was no woodden ſign was painted,
But Madam *Meretrix*: yea, true, ſaid he,
Yet 'tis a little ſign of modeſty.

463. *Tandem manifeſtum.*

Katherine that hid thoſe candles out of ſight,
May well conceive they'l come at length to light.

464. *Qui ebrius laudat temperantiam.*

Severus likes not theſe unſeaſon'd lines
Of rude abſurdities, times foul abuſe,
To all poſterities, and their aſſigns,
That might have been, ſaith he, to better uſe.
What ſenſeleſſe gull but reaſon may convince,
Or jade ſo dull, but being kick'd will wince?

465. *On wiſdome and vertue.*

Wiſe-men are wiſer than good-men, what then?
'Tis better to be wiſer than wiſe men.

466. *On Ducus.*

Ducus keeps houſe, and it with reaſon ſtands,
That he keep houſe, hath ſold away his lands.

467. *Myſus and Mopſa.*

Myſus and *Mopſa* hardly could agree,
Striving about ſuperioritie:
The Text which ſaith that man and wife are one,
Was the chief Argument they ſtood upon.
She held, they both one woman ſhould become:
He held, they ſhou'ld be man, and both but one.
So they contended daily, but the ſtrife
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

468. *On Photinus.*

I met *Photinus* at the B. Court,
Cited (as he ſaid) by a Knave relator:
I ask'd him wherefore? he in laughing ſort,
Told me it was but for a childiſh matter.

How

How ere he laught it out, he lied not;
Indeed 'twas childiſh, for the child he got.

469. *On Caſtriotes.*

See, ſee, what love is now betwixt each fiſt,
Since *Caſtriotes* had a ſcabby wriſt:
How kindly they, by clawing one another,
As if the left hand were the right hands brother!

470. *New Rhetorique.*

Good Arguments without coin, will not ſtick;
To pay, and not to ſay, 's beſt Rhetorick.

471. *To ſome kind Readers.*

This book of mine I liken to a glaſſe,
Wherein the fool may look and laugh his fill:
He having done with't Readers, as ye paſſe,
Here take and uſe it as long as you will.

472. *Eſt mihi Diva parens.*

Owinus wondreth, ſince he came from Wales,
What the deſcription of this Iſle might be;
That ne'r had ſeen but mountains, hils, and dales,
Yet would he ſtand and boaſt on's pedegree.

From Rice ap *Richard*, ſprung from *Dick* a Cow,
Be cot, was right good gentleman, law ye now?

Principia ſordida.

Baſſus hath lands good ſtore and leaſes, farms,
Whoſe mother Milk-pails bore, e'r he bore arms.

474. *On Thirſites.*

Although *Thirſites* have a filthy face,
And ſtaring eyes, and little outward grace:
Yet this he hath, to make amends for all,
Nature her ſelf, is not more naturall.

475. *On Zoilus.*

If Souldiers may obtain four Terms of war,
Muskets ſhould be the pleaders, Pikes the bar;
For black bags, Bandeliers, Jackets for gowns,
Angels for fees, we'll take no more crackt crowns.

476. *On a ſwearing gallant.*

What God commands, this wretched creature
He never names his Maker but by oaths, (loaths,
And wears his tongue of ſuch a damned faſhion,
That ſwearing is his only recreation.

In

In morning, even as ſoon as he doth riſe,
He ſwears his ſleep is ſcarcely out of's eyes;
Then makes him ready, ſwearing all the while,
The drowzy weather did him much beguile.
Got ready, he, to dice or tables goes,
Swearing an oath at every caſt he throws:
To dinner next, and then in ſtead of Grace,
He ſwears his ſtomach is in hungry caſe.
No ſooner din'd, but cals, come take away,
And ſwears 'tis late, he muſt goe ſee a Play.
There ſits and ſwears to all he hears and ſees,
This ſpeech is good, that action diſagrees.
So takes his Oares, and ſwears he muſt make haſt,
His hour of Supper-time is almoſt paſt.

477. *On a long beard.*

Thy beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a ſhorter Beard, and longer wit.

478. *On my ſelf.*

Who ſeeks to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelf offend;
He may begin to work to day,
But God knows when he'll end.

479. *Silens ſimplex.*

Will would ſeem wiſe, and many words let paſſe,
Speaking but little cauſe he is ſuch an——

480. *To the miſ-interpreter.*

Ceaſe gaul'd back guilt, theſe inſcious lines to (mince,
The world wil know y'are rubd if once you wince
They hem within their ſeeming Critique wall,
Particularly none; generally all:
Mongſt which if you have chanced to catch a prick
Cry we-hy if you will, but do not kick.

To Mary Meare.

Meare, ſince unmixt, unmary'd, and a *maid*;
Then you to be a *Mearmaid* may be ſaid:
A Mearmaid's fleſh above, and fiſh below,
And ſo may you be too, for ought I know.

481. *To his Quill.*

Thou haſt been wanton, therefore it is meet,
Thou ſhouldſt do penance, do it in a ſheet.

482. *Ad Rinaldum amic.*

See, ſee, *Rinaldus*! Prethee who is that,
That wears yon great green feather in his hat,
Like to ſome Tilter? Sure it is ſome knight,
Whoſe wits being green, his head muſt needs be (light.

483. *On himſelf.*

Mirth pleaſeth ſome, to others 'tis offence, (ſence;
Some commend plain conceit, ſome profound
Some wiſh a witty jeſt, ſome diſlike that, (what.
And moſt would have themſelves, they know not
Then he that would pleaſe all, and himſelf too,
Takes more in hand then he is like to do.

484. *Fingers end.*

Philomathes once ſtudying to indite,
Nibled his fingers, and his nailes did bite:
By this I know not what he did intend,
Unleſſe his wit lay at his fingers end.

485. *Clamans Asinus.*

Who ſays *Tom Tipſtaffe* is no man of calling?
Can any Cryer at Seſſions be more bawling?

486. *Upon Dunmo.*

I *Dunmo* ask'd as we at Supper ſate,
How long he had liv'd in the maried ſtate,
Sir, juſt (quoth *Dunmo*) with my wife I met
In the great Plague time, I remember yet,
And ſighing, as he would have burſt in twain,
Said, now almoſt the thirtyeth of her raign.

487. *Upon Tom Toltham's noſe.*

The radiant colour of *Tom Toltham's* noſe,
Puts down the Lilly, and obſcures the Roſe;
Had I a Jewell of ſuch pretious hew,
I would preſent it to ſome Monarch's view,
No ſubject ſhould poſſeſſe ſuch jems as thoſe,
Ergo, the King muſt have *Tom Toltham's* noſe.

488. *Upon Thorough-good an unthrift.*

Thy ſirname *Thorough-good* befitteth thee,
Thou *Thorough-good*, & good goes thorough thee:

Nor

Nor thou in good, nor good in thee doth ſtay,
Both of you, thorough go, and paſſe away.

489. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Rodolphus* boaſt of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

490. *Titus the gallant.*

Brave *Titus* three years in the town hath been,
Yet nor the Lyons, nor the Tombs hath ſeen;
I cannot tell the cauſe without a ſmile,
He hath been in the Counter all this while.

491. *In Lalum.*

Lalus which loves to hear himſelf diſcourſe,
Talks to himſelf as if he frantick were,
And though himſelf might no where hear aworſe
Yet he no other but himſelf will heare;
Stop not his mouth, if he be troubleſome,
But ſtop his ears, and then the man is dumbe.

492. *To Criticus.*

Criticus about to kiſſe a mayden throng,
He hapned firſt on one whoſe noſe was long;

He flowting, ſaid, I fain would kiſſe you Sweet,
But that I fear our lips will never meet,
Your noſe ſtands out ſo far; the maiden dy'd
Her cheeks with crimſon, but ſoon thus reply'd,
Pray ſir, then kiſſe me in that place where I
To hinder you, have neither noſe nor eye.

493. *Profundo Scientia.*

Sal can by ſcience, deep profoundity,
Force you cry, fough! *Ieronimo* go by.

494. *On two by Sea.*

Two Youngſters going by Sea, th'one
That ne'r before had been the ſea upon
Caſts up; and as he heavs, he *Bo* doth cry;
O ſaid the other, Sir, y'are ſick, ye'll dy.
No (ſays the Sea-ſick) though my ſtomach's looſe,
You ſee, I can cry *Bo* unto a gooſe.

495. *Ut pluma perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſuch a lofty feather?
Becauſe he's proud, and fooliſh both together.

496. *To Pontilianus.*

Dogs on their Maſters fawn and leap,
And wag their tails apace;
So, though the Flatt'rer want a taile,
His tongue ſupplies the place.

497. *Inſtabilis ſtans.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he ſpeaks.

498. *On ſome Lawyers.*

Law ſerves to keep diſordered men in aw,
But *Aw* preſerves orders, and keeps the Law,
Were *Aw* away *L*[*aw*]*yers* would lyers bee
For *Lucre*; which they have and *hold in Fee.*

499. *Health.*

Even from my heart, much *Health I wiſh*,
No *Health I'll waſh* with drink,
Health wiſh'd, not waſh'd, in words, not wine,
To be the beſt I think.

500.

500. *Caſe is altered.*

Tom Caſe (ſome do report) was lately haltered;
If this be true, why then the caſe is altered.

501. *Quæ placuit Domino nupta eſt Ancilla ſodali.*

Madam *Rugoſa* knows not where to find
One Chamber-maid often to pleaſe her mind.
But yet my Lord ſo likes their comely carriage,
As he prefers them to his men in marriage.

502. *Plagis mitior.*

Katherin that grew ſo curſt, & fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a gentle woman.

503. *Priſcus.*

When *Priſcus* rais'd from low to high eſtate,
Rode through the ſtreet in pompous jollity;
Cajus his poor familiar friend of late,
Beſpake him thus, ſir, now you know me not:
'Tis likely friend (quoth *Priſcus*) to be ſo;
For at this time my ſelf I do not know.

504. *Anger soon appeased.*

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
For being false and faithlesse in her love;
His wife to smooth those wrinckles on his brow,
Doth stop his mouth with, *John* come kiss me now

505. *A foole for company.*

Fatuus will drink with no such Asse,
That lets his jests (unapprehended) passe:
Or if he jest with such of shallow brain,
He laughs himself to make his jests more plain.
Thus *Fatuus* doth jest and play the fany,
To laugh at's self, hee's fool if there be any.

506. *In Cineam.*

When *Cinea* comes amongst his friends in mourning,
He slily notes, who first his cap doth move;
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for ever he had lost his love;
I knowing how the humor it doth fit
Of the fond Gull to be saluted first,
Catch at my Cap, but move it not a whit,
Which he perceiving, seems with spight to burst.

But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality:
For Vault, and dance, and fence, and rime I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tel me
Indeed friend *Cinen*, therein you do excell me.

507. *On Captain Sharke.*

One ask'd a friend where Captain *Shark* did lye,
Why sir (quoth he) at Algate, at the Pye;
Away, quoth th'other, he lies not there I know't,
No, says the other, then he lies in's throat.

508. *A witty answer.*

A lean, yet fat Recusant being confin'd
Unto a Justice house, whose wife was great,
(Not great with child but hugely great with meat)
At supper thus began to grope his mind,
To boc est cirpus what say you? the fed;
Mary (quoth he) I say it is well fed.

509. *Gossips discourse.*

When Gillian and her Gossips all are met,
And in the match of Gossiping down set;

And

And plain Mass-Parson cutting bread for th'table
To tell how fast they talk, my tongue's not able.
One tels strange news, th'other Godsworbet cries,
The third shakes her head, alack replies,
Shee on her Hens, this on her Ducks do talk,
On thousand things at once their tongues shal walk
So long as Cocks can tread, and Hens will lay,
Gill, and Gills Gossips will have words to say.

510. *Capax incapabilis.*

Produs in's Office seems a simple Scribe,
Yet hath he cunning learnt to take a Bribe.

512. *A Parson and a Thief.*

A lusty Parson riding on the way,
Was by a Theef commanded for to stay;
The Parson drew his sword, for well he durst,
And quickly put his to unto the worst.
Sir (quoth the Theef) I by your habit see
You are a Church-man, and debate should flee,
You know 'tis written in the sacred Word,
Jesus to *Peter* said, Put up thy Sword:
True (quoth the Parson) but with all then hear,
Saint *Peter* first had cut of *Malchus* ear.

512. *A Souldiers jeſt.*

One told a Souldier ſitting at the board,
(And ſilent) that he had an edgeleſſe ſword;
Who ſtraight reply'd, ſir, I will do my beſt,
To break your pate, though I ne'r break a jeſt.

513.

One to a Serving-man this Counſell ſent,
To get a Maſter that's intelligent;
Then if of him no wages he could get,
Yet he would underſtand he's in his debt.

514. *Theeves.*

Two Theeves by night began a lock to pick,
One in the houſe awake, thus anſwer'd quick,
Why, how now? what a ſtir you there do keep?
Go, come again, we are not yet aſleep.

515. *Aſſe.*

He that loves glaſſe without a G.
Leave out L. and what is he?

516. *To Festus.*

Festus th'art old, and yet wouldst mary'd bee:
Ere thou do so, this counsell take of me;
Look into *Lillies Grammar*, there thou'lt find,
Cornu a *Horn*, a word still *Undeclin'd*.

517. *A Gentleman and his Physitian.*

A Gentleman not richest in discretion,
Was always sending for his own Physitian.
And on a time, he needs would of him know,
What was the cause his pulse did go so slow?
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comes to passe,
T'must needs go slow, which goes upon an Asse.

518. *On Saint George.*

To save a maid Saint *George* a Dragon slue,
Which was a noble act, if all be true;
Some say there are no Dragons; and 'tis said
There's no Saint *George*; pray God there be a maid

519. *Similis cum simili.*

Tom went to the Market, where *Tom* met with *Tom*
Tom asked *Tom*, what *Tom*? how far'st thou *Tom*?

Who *Tom*, I *Tom*? Is *Tom* (quoth *Tom*) you *Tom*;
Well God a mercy *Tom*, how do you *Tom*?
Faith ne'r so wel (quoth *Tom*) since *Tom* was *Tom*:
And thus was the greeting past 'twixt *Tom* & *Tom*

520. *Ebrius oblitus.*

Fucus was fox'd last night, but 'tis conceal'd,
And would not for his Office 'twere reveal'd.

521. *Dulce quod utile.*

An honest Vicar riding by the way,
Not knowing better how to spend the day,
Did sing unto himself some certain Psalms;
A blind man hearing him, strait begg'd his alms;
To whom (quoth he) with coyn I cannot part,
But God thee blesse, good man with all my heart.
O, said the blind man, greater is my losse,
When such as you do blesse without a crosse.

522. *In Dacum.*

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
Tearms his wifes beauty silent eloquence;
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Then ever *Tullie* us'd his speech to grace.

523.

523. *In Sillam.*

Though I were blind, or though I never ſaw him,
Yet if I ſhould *Silla* but talking hear;
For a right roaring gallant I ſhould know him,
For of a whore he talks, and ſtill doth ſwear.

524. *Varietas iniquitas.*

Mat will not marry: true, 'cauſe ty'd to none,
He may have wenches new, when th'old are gone.

525. *Good ſawce.*

I went to ſup with *Cinna* th'other night,
And to ſay true (for give the Devill his right)
Though ſcant of meat we could a morſell get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing ſawce we met.
You ask what ſawce, where pittance was ſo ſmal?
This, is not hunger the beſt ſawce of all?

526. *Plagis m itior.*

Katherine that grew ſo curſt and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a Gentle-woman.

527. *To a Lawyer.*

To go to law, I have no maw,
Although my ſuit be ſure,
For I ſhall lack ſuits to my back,
Ere I my ſuit procure.

528. *Semel inſanivimus.*

Bedlam fate bleſſe thee, thou wantſt nought but wit,
And having gotten that, we'r freed from it;
Bridewell, I cannot any way diſpraiſe thee,
For thou doſt feed the poor, and jerk the lazie.
Newgate, of thee I cannot much complain;
For once a month, thou freeſt men out of pain;
But from the Counters, goodneſs it ſelf defend us:
To Bedlam, Bridewell, or to Newgate ſend us,
For there in time, wit, work, or law ſets free;
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

529. *Of himſelf.*

Some men there be, which ſay of me,
That I am not a *Poet*;
They ſay well, why? I do not lye,
I write the truth; I know it.

530. *Vpon Annes mariage with a Lawyer.*

Anne is an angel, what if ſo ſhe be?
What is an angel, but a Lawyers fee?

531. *In Cupidinem.*

Who graffs in blindneſſe may miſtake his ſtock,
Love hath no tree but that whoſe bark is ſmock.

532. *Ænigma.*

The Devill, men ſay, in Devonſhire dy'd of late,
But Devonſhire lately liv'd in rich eſtate,
Till *Rich* his toys did Devonſhire ſo bewitch,
As Devonſhire dy'd and left the Devill Rich.

533. *On Cupid.*

Why feign they *Cupid* robbed of his ſight?
Can he whoſe ſeat is in the eye, want light?

534. *An Anſwer.*

Experience ſhew, and reaſon doth decree
That he who ſits in's own light cannot ſee.

535. *Lucus journey.*

Lucus hath travelld with an hundred pound,
Was rob'd and left well beaten, and fast bound:
But when to share their prize, they had begun,
No miracle was wrought, yet he undon.

536. *On a Picture.*

This face here pictur'd time shall longer have,
Then life the substance of it, or the grave,
Yet as I change from this by death, I know,
I shall like death, the liker death I grow.

537. *Of Nature.*

Nature did well in giving poor men wit,
That fools well moniſh'd may pay for it.

538. *On the City Venice.*

When in the Adriatick *Neptune* saw
How *Venice* stood, and gave the seas their law,
Boast thy Tarpeian towers now *Jove*, said he,
And *Mars* thy walls, if *Tiber* 'fore the sea
Thou dost prefer, view both the Cities ods,
Thou'lt say that men built *Rome*, *Venice* the gods.

539. *To a Lady that every morning used to paint her face.*

Preserve what nature gave you, nought's more base
Then Belgian colour on a Roman face.
Much good time's lost, you rest your faces debter,
And make it worse, striving to make it better.

540. *On a Cuckold.*

My friend did tax me seriously one morn,
That I would wear, yet could not wind a horn,
And I reply'd he perfect truth should find it,
Many did wear the horn that could not wind it.
How e'r, of all that man may wear it best,
Who maks claim to it as his ancient crest.

541. *On Taurus.*

Is't true that *Taurus* late hath lost his wit?
How can that be, when never he had it?
I could beleeve it, had he fought a fray,
And so perhaps his fingers cut away.

542. *Visum ignotum.*

That *Cambro's* wife's with child, her belly shews it:
But who was't got it? pray ask those that know it.

543. *Upon mariage.*

Mariage as old men note, hath lik'ned bin
Unto a publike fast, or common rout,
Where those that are without would fain get in,
And those that are within would fain get out.

544. *On Annas a News-monger.*

Annas hath long ears for all news to passe:
His ears must needs be long, for he's an Asse.

545. *Sir John.*

Now good *Sir John* (the begger cries) I pray
Bestow your Worship's alms on me to day,
Relieve my wants (quoth he) I am your brother;
We born are, one to help and aid another;
My brother (quoth Sr *John*) poor wretched wight,
Why, thou mistakest me, I am a Knight;
I know't, quoth he, but hark you kind Sir *John*,
There's many a Knight kin to the begger men.

546. *A Paradox.*

To Hell, though every wretched Atheist goes,
In Hell's no Atheist; there, He, Hell well knowes.

547. *Conjectus.*

Conjectus says he'll plainly prove,
Anothers child he ought to love,
More than his Parents; which is strange,
And yet 'tis true; for I protest,
He ought to love his wife the best.

548. *Aulus.*

Some (speaking in their own renown)
Say that this book was not exactly done;
I care not much, like banquets let my books,
Rather be pleasing to the Guests than Cooks.

549. *On Envie.*

Why say some wealth brings envy, since 'tis known
Poor men have backbiters fifteen for one?

550. *To Coracine.*

If so be, *Coracine*, thou had'st disburst
But twenty Nobles when I ask'd them first,
Th'hadst done a timely courtesie, and then
I should have ow'd thee twenty more for them.
But since thou didst it with such strange delay,
After some ten long months, or twelve months stay
Shall I tell truth? why, by you Stars that shine,
Th'hast lost thy twenty Nobles, *Coracine*.

551. *To a Drunkard.*

Much pratling causeth greatest thirstiness: (less.
Thy wife talks more then thou, why drinks she

552. *On Pru.*

Pru give me leave to laugh, why should'st thou buy
Ceruse, and *Stibium*, and *Mercury*,
And fleiking oyles, the best that may be got,
When thy whole face *Pru* is not worth a groat?

553. *To Momus.*

Leave for shame, *Momus*, leave to bark and cry,
My actions give thy slandrous tongue the ly.

554.

554. *To Rabo.*

Th'art fain, 'tis true, and pretty too I know it,
And well bred *Rabo*, for thy manners show it,
But whilst thou mak'st self-praise, thy only care,
Th'art neither pretty, nor well bred, nor faire.

555. *On Stella.*

As the pale Moon, and Stars shin'd clearly bright,
My fairest fair stood gazing on the skyes:
O that I had been heaven then, that I might
Have view'd my *Stella* with so many eyes.

556. *On Gallo.*

Gallo's a pretty man, hath pretty hair,
A pretty hat, and cloke as one need wear;
Gallo's a Gallant, and as Gallants use,
Can court his Mistresse, with a sprightly Muse.
Gallo's a dunce, for I supply his wit,
Which he makes nonsense by his reading it,
And 'tis no wonder, as all wisemen know,
For pretty Gallants to be dunces now.

557.

557. *Wheele-greace.*

Men th'Axletree do Greaze, that they not ſcreak,
But Lawyers muſt be Greaz'd to make them ſpeak.

558. *Who beſt friend.*

A louſe I ſay, for when a man's diſtreſt
And others fall off, ſhe does ſtick the ſureſt.

559. *O Times and manners!*

Why thus do men, *manners* and *times* accuſe,
When men themſelves, Manners and Times abuſe?
W'are bad in them, they worſe by us do grow,
Yet we complain that help to make them ſo.

560. *Carpe.*

Of all our Modern Writers, *Carpe* likes none,
He loves th'old Poets that are dead and gone:
Pardon me honeſt *Carpe*, I would not be
Laid in my grave a while yet, to pleaſe thee.

Carpe

561

561. *On Terpin.*

Terpin ſips wine, and gluts down meat; I think,
My *Terpin* drinks his meat, and eats his drink.

562. *To Phaulo.*

As often (*Phaulo*) as thou doſt amiſſe,
Thou haſt no more excuſe for it, but this,
It was againſt thy will; Why, be it ſo,
Againſt thy will thou ſhalt be puniſh'd too.

563. *Little, nothing, too much, enough.*

The Poor have *little*, Beggers *none*,
The Rich *too-much*, *enough* not one.

564. *On Spurco of Oxford.*

Spurco from Chandler, ſtarted Alderman,
And truſt me now moſt Elder-like he can
Behave himſelf: hee ne'r appears in town,
But in his beaver, and his great fur'd gown:
His Ruffe is ſet, his head ſet in his Ruffe;
His reverend trunke becomes him well enough;
He wears a hoop ring on his Thumb; he has
Of Gravidud a doſe full in his face:

And trick'd and trim'd, thus bravely he ſuppoſes
Himſelf another man; but men have noſes;
And they that have ſo, maugre *Spurco's* skill,
Through all his robes may ſmel the chandler ſtill.

565. *On the ſame.*

Spurco made candles once, 'tis true enough,
Yet when I told him ſo, he took't in ſnuffe.

566. *To Damon.*

What cauſe, what confidence draws thee to town?
Oxford can yeeld thee nothing, get thee down;
Thou canſt not turn rogue for thy private ends,
Thou canſt not play the baud to pleaſe thy friends
Thou hat'ſt to ſell thy breath at any price,
Or flatter great ones to their prejudice.
Whence wilt thou live? (unhappy wretch!) I am
A truſty friend, thou ſay'ſt, an honeſt man.
That's nothing, *Damon*, ſet thy wits to ſchool,
Not to be knave here, is to be a fool.

567. *Conpotatio.*

Taſſo, Tonquato, Trevi-mis, Manlius,
Brave merry Greeks all, and ingenious;

Let

Let us be mad a while: come here thou ſquire
Of Pints, and Pottles, pile us up a fire:
Then bring ſome ſack up, quick you cannibal,
Some cleanly ſack to waſh our brains withall:
There is I'm ſure, no other Theſpian ſpring,
No other Helicon to bathe us in.
Troul then your ſack about boyes, never faile,
Commending dull men to their ſtands of Ale.
Tinkers wind off whole pottles in a breath,
I hate ſuch puddle coxcombs worſe than death;
But we true brats of *Bacchus*, as our uſe is,
With luſty wines will ſacrifice to th'Muſes.

568. *Conſcientia teſtis.*

What makes *Antonio* deem himſelf undone,
Being queſtion'd ſince his office firſt begun?
But that a Conſcience tells him *quæ ſceminus*
Tam male parta, male dilabuntur?

569. *On Terpin.*

Liſten who liſts, my *Terpin* nole I hide,
And much I labour to expreſſe the pride;
For when he ſnorts, it is his trumpet ſhrill;
It is his conduit, for 'tis running ſtill;
It is his drag, his eele-ſpear in the brook;
His ſpade, his mattock, and his pruning hook;

'Tis a convenient ſtaple for a wall,
A handſome wedge to cleave his wood withall:
'Twill make a good ſhip-anchor when he lacks,
It is his gimlet, and his twibill axe.
Regard not then, what man thy noſe abuſes;
Thy noſe is proper *Terpin* for moſt uſes.

570. *On Ned.*

Have not I friends? (quoth *Ned*) I dare to ſay;
I have not ſupt at home this twelve months day:
And very true it is, for ſherking *Ned*,
At home (poor man) goes ſupperleſſe to bed.

471. *Clamans Aſinus.*

Who ſays *Tom Tipſtaffe* is no man of calling,
Can any Cryer at Seſſions be more bawling?

572. *Pecunia prævalens.*

Hand off, ſir ſauce-box! think you Miſtris *Phips*
Allows ſuch lobs as you to touch her lips?
But then 'tis queſtion'd further; if you bring her
Some *legem pone*, that's another thing ſir.

573. *A Herculean task.*

To curb the courage and *Wives tongue* keep under
May well be call'd *Hercules* thirteenth wonder.

574. *On Coritia.*

Coritia, when all her Table's set
With Manchet, Sauces, and good wholsome meat,
Shee still gives brown bread to her son and heir,
And tells the little boy 'twill make him fair.
If so (my love) if it be true you say,
You never ate brown bread *Coritia.*

575. *To Momus.*

Thou that dost wrest thy wrinkled face awry,
And canst not read these trifles willingly,
May'st thou for ever envy other men,
But none have cause, to envy thee agen.

576. *On Drammato.*

Drammato makes new plays great store; and yet
'Tis plain, *Drammato* has not too much wit:
He strives too, to be pleasant, and brings in
Mimicks, and fools, to make the people grin,

I know not what the reſt think, but I ſay,
Drammato's the beſt fool in every Play.

577. *Taming of a Shrow.*

Would'ſt tame thy wife? firſt tame her tongue,
Who thus his wife comes-o'r ſhall overcome.

578. *Libertie.*

If he be well which hath what he can wiſh,
Why then do men for ſtinging ſerpents fiſh?
True liberty 'mongſt vertues bears the bell;
He may live as he will, which may live well.

On 579. *Drammato.*

Of all *Drammato's* Plays that e'r I ſee,
Nothing could ever make me laugh but hee.

580. *On Phaulo.*

Phaulo wears brave cloaths, yet his ſpirits faile;
Phaulo eats wholſome meat, and yet he's pale;
Phaulo takes phyſick, yet his ſpirits faile;
Phaulo hath good attendance, yet he's pale;
Phaulo's a glutton, yet his ſpirits faile;
Phaulo drinks deep, and whores, and yet he's pale.

581. *On Galba.*

Galba ſhe ſays, ſhe never taſted Man:
Galba will lye, beleeve it, now and than.

582. *To the Reader.*

Such tenour I have kept here all along,
As none (I hope) can challenge me with wrong.
I injure not the leaſt, I give no blow
To any perſon; he that knows not how
To ſcourge mans vice, unleſſe he tax his name,
Makes a baſe Libell of an Epigram.

583. *One Formidando.*

Stout *Formidando* walks imperiouſly,
With tragick *Bilbo* girt upon his thigh;
His roping locks, his buffe becomes him well,
And to ſay ſooth, he looks right terrible;
He ſways the town before him, and will ſlay
Whatever man he be that dares gainſay:
But *Formidando* pawn'd his coat laſt night,
And *Formidando*'s out of money quite;
Nor oaths will paſſe, nor credit from henceforth,
For one poor penny, or a penny-worth:

Starv'd Creditors begin to gape, and how
To quit himſelf he ſcarcely knows; that now
Stout *Formidando* who was wont to daunt
Whole thouſands, trembles at a Purſivant.

584. *The German-Dutch.*

Death's Not to be: ſo *Seneca* doth think:
But Dutchmen ſay 'tis death to ceaſe to drink.

585. *Death.*

What Death is, doſt thou ask of me?
Till dead I doe not know;
Come to me when thou hear'ſt I'm dead,
Then what 'tis I ſhall ſhew.

586. *On Carp and Manilla.*

Manilla would with *Carp* be maried,
Manilla's wiſe I trow:
But *Carp* by no means will *Manilla* wed;
Carp's th'wiſer of the two.

587. *On Carp.*

Theſe are my verſes which *Carp* reads; tis known;
But when *Carp* makes them non-ſenſe, th'are his own.

588. *To Susi.*

Why do I ſcorn to kiſs thee? thy noſe runs,
Thy teeth are black and rotten in thy gums:
Why do I ſcorn to kiſs thee? thy breath ſtinks
Far worſe then twenty fiſh-ſtalls, or town-ſinks:
Why do I ſcorn to kiſs thee? thou art all
Surfeited, naſty, ill-complection'nd, pale:
Who ſcorns not (*Suſa*) to kiſs thee, will ſcarce
Scorn to kiſs (I think) a ſick hang-mans arces.

589. *The Rich man.*

What is the cauſe few Rich to heaven do go?
'Tis a coſtly journey, they'll not much beſtow.

590. *To Phaulus.*

Thou art offended (*Phaulus*) as I hear,
Becauſe I ſometimes call thee whoremaſter;
My nature's blunt, and ſo will ever be;
I call a ſpade a ſpade, pray pardon me.

591. *To Coracine.*

What *Criſpulus* is that in a new gown,
All trim'd with loops and buttons up and down?

That

That leans there on his arm in private chat
With thy young wife, what *Crispulus* is that?
He's Proctor of a Court, thou say'st, and does
Some business of my wives: thou brainlesse goose!
He does no businesse of thy wives, not hee,
He does thy businesse (*Coracine*) for thee.

592. *On Pru.*

Pru praises her complexion, nay swears
Shee dares compare with any of her years;
And very true it is, that *Prudence* says,
I saw not better sold these many days.

593. *The Parret.*

If lawful't be, of things t'invent the names
With pratling *Parret*, *prater* is the same.

594. *To Maronilla.*

My *Maronilla*, I could easily spare (haire,
Thy hands and arms, thy shoulders and fraught
I could well spare thy feet, thy legs and thighs,
Thy tongue and teeth, thy lips, cheeks, forehead,
And, not to reckon each part severall, (eyes:
My *Maronilla* I could spare thee all.

595. *On Quackesalve.*

This man is brother to the worms, and can
Not live, but by corruption of man:
Deaths barbinger, that for bare one he saves,
Sends hundreds young, and old to people graves.
Yet still he lives in repute; he hath pelf,
And each good deed he does, proclaims it self,
And every bad one (as perforce it must)
With the dead corse lyes buried in the dust.
Diseases are his health, and Quacksalve thrives
By purchasing ill fame, and selling lives.
'Tis well he knows me not; for I must think,
If I come in his hands, hee'l make me stink.

596. *Study.*

Some men grow mad by studying much to know;
But who grows mad by studying good to grow?

597. *To Lionell.*

Lionell shows his honourable scars,
And labours to invite me to the wars:
But I will not by no means *Lionell*;
I do not love to live ill, and drink well.

598. *On Captain Drad-nought and Lieutenant Slaughter.*

Slaughter he ſwels, and proudly gives the lie,
Which *Drad-nought* vows to make him juſtifie.
Slaughter will kill, or elſe be kill'd ith' place:
Lieutenant curſes, Captain ſwears apace.
Lieutenant *Slaughter* belches out diſdain,
And Captain *Drad-nought* breaths all fire again;
The reſt, good Gentlemen, ſtand trembling there,
Ready to quit the Tavern all for feare:
There's not a man, but ſues, and wooes, and ſends
For what the houſe can yeeld, to make 'em friends.
Anchoviſe, Wine, dry'd Tongues, are brought in (haſt,
VVhich ſight perſwades their ſtubborne ſoules at (laſt.
Anger abates the ſtorm is over-blown,
And in rich Sack they drink the quarrell down.

599. *On Pumilio a Dwarfe.*

Pumilio lying in deſpaire
Of further life, ſaid, take no care
To make a Tomb for me, good folks,
I will be buried in a Box.

600.

600. *On Drad-nought.*

Drad-nought was for his many riots laid
Ith' Counter lately, now he's wondrous ſtaid.

601. *On Phaulos and Gellia.*

Phaulos he viſits, *Gellia* ſhe's ſick:
I am no Wizard, yet I know their trick.

602. *To his Friend.*

I will not be a Foe to any,
Nor be familiar with too many;
And twice I will not love my friend,
But whom I love, I'll love to th'end.

603. *Maried Folk.*

Man love thy wife, thy Husband, wife obay:
Wives are our Heart, we ſhould be Head alway.

604. *On Pru and Galla.*

Why are *Pru's* teeth ſo white, and *Galla's* black?
the reaſon is ſoon known:

Pru

Pru buyes new teeth as often as ſhe lacks,
but *Galla* wears her own.

605. *On Bombo.*

When *Bombo* preaches (and that's thrice a year)
Nothing but wit ſounds wiſely in his ear.
His fuſtian phraſes make a noiſe; each ſtraine,
And ſwelling rapture fils his mouth again:
He's parcell-ſtates-man, parcell-prieſt, and ſo,
If you obſerve, he's parcell-Poet too.
Bombo thy fetches, and thy fangles may
Become a ſtage perhaps, but us'd this way,
Th'are baſe, and impious: let me prevail,
Talk till thy ſtrong lines choak thee; if they fail,
Commence at Tyburn in a cart, ſweet Poet,
And there a ſtrong line will for certain do it.

606. *The Heavens mourn.*

Why do the clouds ſhowr rain ſo faſt down? why
Bluſters the Northwinde ſo impetuouſly?
This is the reaſon, as Divines give out,
Heaven ſighs, and weeps for us, ſince we cannot.

607. *On Pæto.*

Implore the Muſes, and their two top'd hill,
Still to ſupply freſh matter to thy quill:
Crave *Phœbus* aid, call *Homer* with the throng
Of all the Bardes, Learn'd Manes, to thy ſong.
I dare not (*Pæto*) be ſo bold, as do it,
Nor ſeem ſo like what I am not, a Poet.
My page invokes no deities: here love,
And indignation the beſt Muſes prove.

608. *On the ſame.*

My *Pæto* thinks he ſings melodious,
And like a Swan: God knows he's but a Gooſe.

609. *On Poets.*

Why do I climb *Parnaſſus*, ſince my hope
Can but expect cold water at the top?
Why doe I like a Taper in the night,
Conſume my ſelf ſtill, to give others light?
If fortunes Minions I ſhould celebrate,
All my reward were, to be flouted at.
Wit, as a thing above them, they cry down,
Rather they'll ſaginate a beef brain'd clown.

To laugh at them, or like fond easie Snites,
Be flatter'd out of all by Parasites.
Cock-pits and revels share their store; Cards may
Shuffle away whole Lordships in a day:
But to a Poet charity's so cold,
They'l not afford the rust wip'd from their gold.
He that can frame a Morall glasse, whereby
To dresse them in the trim of honesty;
He that can stick them in the starry sky,
And mate their glories with eternity,
Must live a Recluse to all happinesse,
His vertues checkt, and clouded in distresse.
Avaunt then Muses nine, avaunt quick from me,
Now whilst my blooming years are growing on me;
Phœbus his barren Laurell I'll refuse,
And the fat Olive with *Minerva* chuse.

610. *On Plutus.*

Plutus, rich *Plutus* would have me bestow
Some New-years gift, as other neighbours doe.
Why I wil send thee what thou want'st my friend;
Nothing thou want'st, and nothing I will send.

611. *To Phocion.*

Thou buy'st up all that thou canst light upon,
This is the way to sell all *Phocion*.

612.

612. *To Lividus.*

Doe not raile baſely, doe not ſwell with ſpight,
Doe not ſcoffe (*Lividus*) at what I write:
For ridden, truſt me, I can hardly pace,
Nor bear thee gently like a patient Aſſe;
But trot amain, and if thou chance to kick,
I ſhall wince too, and gall thee to the quick.
Flinging full faſt till I have thrown thee off,
Till I have ſhook thy ſnaffle from thy mouth;
And then in triumph (*Lividus*) look too't,
I ſpurn thy pride and follies under foot.

613. *On his Verſes.*

He's blind with love that likes them ev'ry one,
And he is blind with envy, that likes none.

614. *Clericus Magnus.*

Sick ſtomachs much do ſwallow down,
But little do digeſt;
So thou knowſt much, but yet in thee
Small wiſdome is expreſt.

615. *Time.*

Time all consumes, both us and every thing,
We Time consume; thus, both one song doe sing.

616. *T'a Bombo.*

Most men condemn thee *Bombo*, when they hear
Thy high and mighty Sermons, but I swear
Thou preacheſt movingly; and well I may;
Thou Preacheſt all thy Auditors away.

617. *On Plutus.*

Rich *Plutus* needs would buy a fool, and paid
Fifty good pounds: but after triall made,
Perceiving him an underſtanding man,
Plutus would have his money back again.

618. *To Linus.*

Thou waſt my debtor when I lent thee coin,
Pay me mine own, and then I will be thine.

619. *To Taſſo.*

Well *Taſſo* ſhalt thou dine with me,
If thou wilt bring good meat with thee,
And luſty wine, and pleaſant wit,
And jeſts, and mirth to ſeaſon it:
Well ſhalt thou dine with me to day,
If thou wilt bring but what I ſay:
For thy Marulloes purſe, heavens know,
Lies full of duſt, and Spiders now.
But I will have my Doxy here,
And True-wit too, and Chauntecleere
Shall run diviſion on his Lute,
And make his voice together ſute
In tunes of love, with other things,
As he can well; who when he ſings
Thou'lt wiſh (although thine own be long)
An Aſſes ears to hear his ſong.

620. *On Pæto.*

Pæto came by me like a man poſſeſt,
Lugging his locks, and beating on his breſt.
And O! he cryed, is any man like me?
I've buryed my rich wife, yet live you ſee:
My *Pæto* is right valiant; his wife gives
Two thouſand pounds, and leavs him; yet he lives!

621. *To Phaulus.*

Thou ask'ſt me whom I think beſt man to be,
He's the beſt (*Phaulus*) that is leaſt like thee.

622. *To Claudius and Limus.*

Ungodly *Claudius*, to be good,
Wants nothing but a will:
Lewd *Linus*, alſo, wanteth nought
But power to be ill.

623. *Hot-waters.*

Our trickling Tears expreſſe our private Love,
Love cauſeth tears; ſtrange! fire ſhould water prove

624. *On Grotto.*

Talk but of death, *Grotto* begins to rage,
And ſweat, and ſwear, and yet he's blind with age.
Fie on thee *Grotto*, what a coil you keep?
Thy windows they are ſhut, 'tis time to ſleep.

625. *On Phyſitians.*

Phyſitians are moſt miſerable men,
that cannot be deny'd:
For they are never truely well, but when
moſt men are ill beſide.

626. *Wittily wicked.*

Good wine (they ſay) makes Vinegar moſt tart;
Thou, the more witty, the more wicked art.

627. *A Doctor and his Patient.*

A Doctor told his Patient *Omphida*,
The grief ſhe felt, was a Sciatica:
Which ſhe not perfect how to nominate,
Miſtaking cryes; oh my Certificate!

628. *To Tom Coriat.*

Of all the *Toms* that ever yet were nam'd,
Was never *Tom* like as *Tom Coriat* fam'd.
Tom Thumb is dumb, untill the pudding creep,
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peep.
Tom Fool may go to ſchool, but ne'r be taught
Speak Greek, with which our *Tom* his tongue is
(fraught.

Tom Asse may passe, but for all his long ears,
No such rich jewels as our *Tom* he wears.
Tom Tell-troth is but froth, but truth to tell,
Of all *Toms*, this *Tom*, bears away the bell.

629. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthlesse task,
Whereto I trust there's no exception ta'n,
For meant to none, I answer such as ask,
'Tis like apparel made in *Birchen-lane*;
If any please to suit themselves and wear it,
The blame's not mine, but theirs that needs will (bear it.

630. *Ad sesquipidales poetastros.*

Hence *Brauron*'s God to *Taurimimon*,
And you Levaltoring Corybants be gon;
Fly thundering Bronsterops to Hippocrene,
And *Mæuros* to Nymph-nursing *Mytelene*;
Grisly *Megæra*'s necromantique spell
Depart to black nights *Acherontick* cell:
Avaunt transformed *Epidaurian*,
Unto th'Antipod Isles of Traproban,
Away *Cyllenius* plumy-pinnion'd God,
With thy peace making wand, snakecharming rod
And

And all the reſt not daring look upon
Vranus blood-born brood, and fell *Typhon*;
Chimera's victor great *Bellerophon*,
Thou vanquiſher of Spaniſh *Geryon*,
Stout *Aſdruball* Sicilian Lord of yore,
Thou that deſtroy'dſt the *Caledonian* bore,
Couragious conqueror of Cretes *Minotaure*,
Thou pride of *Mermeno*'s cloudy *Semitaure*.
Perſeus whoſe marble ſtone transforming ſhield,
Enfore'd the Whale, *Andromeda* to yeeld,
You *Argonautes* that ſcour'd *Syndromades*,
And paſſ'd the quick-ſands of *Symplegades*,
Help *Demogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,
Chaos, *Lucina*, at *Litigiums* birth,
The world with child look's for delivery
Of *Canibals*, or *Poetophagy*;
A deviliſh brood from *Erichthonius*,
From *Iphidemia*, *Nox*, and *Erebus*,
Chide *Pegaſus* for op'ning *Helicon*,
And Poets damn to *Pyry-Phlegeton*;
Or make this monſtrous birth abortive be,
Or elſe I will ſhake hands with Poetry.

——*Nihil hic niſi Carmina deſunt.*

Marmora Mæonii vincunt monumenta libelli;
Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

The Muſes works ſtone-Monuments out-laſt;
'Tis wit keeps life, all elſe Death will down caſt.

EPITAPHS.

1. *On a Lyer.*

GOod passenger! here lies one here,
That living did lie every where.

2. *On a Dyer.*

He lives with God none can deny,
That while he liv'd to th'world did dy.

3. *On a Jugler.*

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread; why did'st not make it whole again?

4. *On Mr. Fiſh.*

Worm's bait for *Fiſh*, but here is a great change,
Fiſh bait for worms, is not that ſtrange?

5. *On a Child.*

A child and dead? alas! how could it come?
Surely thy thread of life was but a thrumme.

6. *On Maſter Do.*

Do is my name, and here I lie,
My Grammar tels me, *Do ſit Di.*

7. *On Taylour a Sergeant, kill'd by a Horſe.*

A Taylour is a Theef, a Sergeant is worſe,
Who here lies dead, god-a-maſſy Horſe.

8. *On* M. *Thomas Beſt.*

With happy ſtars he ſure is bleſt,
Where e'ere he goes, that ſtill is *Beſt.*

9. *On Robin.*

Round *Robin*'s gone, and this grave doth inclose
The pudding of his doublet and his hose.

10. *On Bell the Tinker.*

Bell though thou dy'dst decrepit, lame, forlorn,
Thou was't a man of Metle, I'll be sworn.

11. *On proud Tygeras.*

Proud and fooliſh, ſo it came to paſſe,
He liv'd a *Tyger*, and he dy'd an Aſſe.

12. *On John Cofferer.*

Here lyes *John Cofferer*, and takes his reſt,
Now he hath chang'd a Coffer for a Cheſt.

12. *On blind and deaf Dick Freeman.*

Here lyes *Dick Freeman*,
That could not hear nor ſee man.

14. *On a Miller.*

Death without warning was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Theef.

15. *On a Lady.*

Here lyes one dead under this marble ſtone,
VVho when ſhe liv'd, lay under more than one.

16. *On a Wreſtler.*

Death to the VVreſtler gave a pretty fall,
Tript up his heels, and took no hold at all.

17. *On John Death.*

Here's *Death* interred, that liv'd by bread,
Then all ſhould live, now *Death* is dead.

18. *On an Infant.*

The reeling world turn'd Poet, made a Play;
I came to ſee't, diſlik'd it, went my way.

19. *On a Lady dying quickly after her Husband.*

He firſt deceaſed, ſhe a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

20. *On Mr. Stone.*

Jeruſalem's curſe is not fulfill'd in mee,
For here a ſtone upon a ſtone you ſee.

21. *On Mr. Strange.*

Here lies one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turk nor Jew,
It's ſtrange, but not ſo ſtrange as it is true.

22. *A Fart's Epitaph.*

Reader, it was born, and cry'd,
Crack'd ſo, ſmelt ſo, and ſo dy'd.

23. *On Mr. Anguiſh a Scholler.*

Some do for anguiſh weep, for anger I,
That ignorance ſhould live, and art ſhould die.

24. *On* Mr. *Thomas Allen.*

No Epitaphs need make the juſt man fam'd,
The good are prais'd when they are onely nam'd.

25. *On a Lady.*

Finis and *Bonum* are converted, ſo
That every good thing to an end muſt go.

26. *On a pious Benefactor.*

The Poor, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,
His Alms, his Praiſe, his Soul, and Body have.

27. *On a* Poet *in priſon.*

Though I in priſon here do lye,
My Muſe ſhall live although I dye.

28. *On a poor* Poet.

Here lies the Poet buried in the night,
Whoſe purſe, men know it, was exceeding light.

on a poore poet

29. *A man and his wife.*

Viator ſiſte, ecce miraculum!
Vir & uxor hic non ligitant.

30. *On a Pauls-walker.*

Defeſſus ſum ambulando.

31. *On a Scrivener.*

May all men by theſe Preſents teſtifie,
A lurching Scrivener here faſt bound doth lie.

32. *On one that cheated his Father.*

Here lies a man, who in a ſpan
Of life, beyond his father ran.

33. *On a Cut-purſe.*

Death hath that Cutpurſe ſeiz'd on at Alhallows,
Who by good hap hath ſo eſcap'd the gallows.

34. *On an Vsurer.*

That all those goods and riches scrap'd together,
Should with himself depart, & knows not whither.

35. *On a Captain.*

Who late in wars did dread no foes in field,
Now free of scars his life in peace doth yeeld.

36. *On a Potter.*

He that on clay his chiefest trust repos'd,
Is now in clay, in stead of dust repos'd.

37. *On a Merchant.*

Who from accounts & reck'nings ne'r could rest,
At length hath summ'd up his *Quietus est.*

38. *On a young man newly maried, dyed.*

The world and thou art quickly gon about,
That but now entring in, art entred out.

39. *On John Friend.*

How ere he fail'd in's life, 'tis like *Jack Friend*
Was no mans foe but's own, and there's an end.

40. *On Christopher Fowler.*

Let all say what they can, 'tis known *Kit Fowler*,
Was held an honest man, though no good bowler.

41. *On Dorothy Rich.*

Here resteth young *Doll Rich*, that dainty drab,
Who troubled long with itch, dy'd of the scab.

42. *On Ralph.*

Ralph bids adue to pleasures good or ill,
But tels you true, 'tis much against his will.

43. *On Walter Moone.*

Here lies *Wat Moon*, that great Tobacconist,
Who dy'd too soon for lack of had I wist.

44. *On Jo. Cooling a Player.*

Death hath too soon remov'd from us *Jo. Cooling*
That was so well belov'd, and liv'd by fooling.

45. *On a Welshman.*

Who living least, espy'd his life should loose,
By much metheglin dy'd, and toasted cheese.

46. *On Jo. Long.*

Here sleeps *J. Long*, who liv'd till New-years-tide,
Full fourscore strong, but then fell sick and dy'd.

47. *On Stephen Spooner.*

Death hath time borrow'd of our neighbor *Spooner*,
Whose wife much sorrow'd that he di'd no sooner

48. *On a Lawyer.*

God works wonders now and than,
Here lies a Lawyer and an honest man.

49. *On a Waterman.*

Here sleeps *Will. Slater*, why? by deaths command,
Hath left the water to possesse the land.

50. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

England his heart, his Corps the waters have,
And that which rais'd his fame, became his grave.

51. *On a Gallant.*

Who cloth of Tissue wore, here flat doth lye,
Having no issue, more than that in's thigh.

52. *On John Garret.*

Gone is *John Garret*, who to all mens thinking,
For love to Claret, kill'd himself with drinking.

53. *On notable Ned.*

Cause of the good nought must be said but good,
'Tis well for *Ned* that nought be understood.

54. *On a Taylour who dy'd of the ſtitch.*

Here lies a Taylour in this ditch,
Who liv'd and dyed by the ſtitch.

55. *On a travelling Begger.*

Here lies a Vagrant perſon whom our laws
(Of late grown ſtrict) denied paſſage, cauſe
He wandring thus, therefore return he muſt,
From whence at firſt he hither came; to duſt.

56. *On a Maſon.*

So long the Maſon wrought on others walls,
That his own houſe of clay to ruine falls:
No wonder, ſpitefull death wrought his annoy,
He us'd to build, and death ſeeks to deſtroy.

57. *On a Schoolmaſter.*

The Grammar School, a long time taught I have,
Yet all my skill could not Decline the grave,
But yet I hope it one day will be ſhown
In no Caſe ſave the Ablative alone.

58. *On Prince Henry.*

I have no vein in verſe, but if I could
Diſtill on every word a Pearl, I would.
Our ſorrows pearls drop, not from pens, but eyes,
Whilſt other Muſes write, mine onely cryes.

59. *On the death of* Mr. *Newcomin of Clarthall in Cambridge.*

Weep ye Clarenſes, weep all about,
For *New-com-in* is new gone out;
Weep not Clarenſes, weep not at all,
He's gone but from Clare to Trinity-Hall.

60. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

Hobſon (what's out of ſight, is out of mind)
Is gone and left his letters here behind.
He that with ſo much paper us'd to meet,
Is now, alas! content to take one ſheet.

61. *Another.*

He that ſuch carriage ſtore, was wont to have,
Is carried now himſelf unto his grave:
O ſtrange! he that in life ne'r made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

62. *Another.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes, preſt with a heavy load,
Who now is gone the old and common road;
The waggon he ſo lov'd, ſo lov'd to ride,
That he was drawing on whilſt that heedy'd.

63. *Another.*

Hobſon's not dead, but *Charles* the Northern ſwain
Hath ſent for him to draw his lightſome wain.

64. *On a Footman.*

This nimble Foot-man ran away from death,
And here he reſted being out of breath;
Here death him overtook, made him his ſlave,
And ſent him on an errand to the grave.

65. *Iustus Lipsius.*

Some have high mountains of Parian ſtone,
And ſome in braſſe carve their Inſcription,
Some have their tombs of coſtly marbles rear'd,
But in our tears onely are they interr'd.

66. *On a Child.*

Like bird of prey,
Death ſnatcht away,
This harmleſs dove,
Whoſe ſoul ſo pure
Is now ſecure
In heaven above.

67. *On a rich Gentleman.*

Of woods and plains, and hills and vales,
Of fields, of meads, of parks, and pales;
Of all I had, this I poſſeſſe;
I need no more, I have no leſſe.

68. *On a Child.*

That fleſh is graſſe
Its grace a flower,

Read ere you paſſe
Whom worms devoure.

69. *On a Lock-ſmith.*

A zealous Lock-ſmith dy'd of late,
Who by this time's at heaven gate.
The reaſon why he will not knock,
Is 'cauſe he means to pick the lock.

70. *On a Collier.*

Here lies the Collier *Jenkin Daſhes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd he ſwore,
For living he was duſt and aſhes,
And being dead he is no more.

71. *On Dick Pinner.*

Here lies *Dick Pinner*, O ungentle death!
Why didſt thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath?
For living, he by ſcraping of a pin,
Made better duſt than thou haſt made of him.

72. *On a ſack-ſucker.*

Good Reader bleſſe thee, be aſſur'd,
The ſpirit of Sack lyes here immur'd.

who

Who havock't all hee could come by
For Sack, and here quite sack'd doth ly.

73. *On a Child.*

Into this world as stranger to an Inne,
This child came gueſt-wiſe, where when it had bin
A while, and found nought worthy of his ſtay
He onely broke his faſt, and went away.

74. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes the Chandlers chiefeſt joy,
Here lyes the ſchollers pale-fac'd boy;
Having nought elſe but skin and bone
Dy'd of a deep conſumption.

75. *On T. H. the Pannier-man of the Temple.*

Here lyes *Tom Hacket* this marble under,
Who often made the Cloyſters thunder;
He had a horn, and when he blew it,
Call'd many a Cuckold that never knew it.

76. *On Mr. Calfes death.*

Heaven of his ſoul take charge, for he,
Of all his dayes liv'd but the half;
Who might have grown to be an *Oxe*,
But dyed (as you ſee) a *Calfe*.

77. *On Bolus.*

If gentleneſſe could tame the fates, or wit
Delude them, *Bolus* had not dyed yet;
But one that death o'r-rules in judgment ſits,
And ſays our ſins are ſtronger than our wits.

78. *On a Clown.*

Softly tread this earth upon,
For here lyes our *Corydon*:
Who through care to ſave his ſleep
Watch'd too much, Oh let him ſleep!

79. *On a Child.*

As carefull nurſes on their beds doe lay, (play,
Their babes which would too long the wantons
So to prevent my youths enſuing crimes,
Nature my nurſe laid me to bed betimes.

80. *On a Muſitian.*

Be not offended at our ſad complaint,
You Quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint;
Where all perfection met in skill and voice,
We mourne our loſſe, but yet commend your (choyce.

81. *On a Gardener.*

Could he forget his death that every houre
Was emblem'd to it, by the fading flowre?
Should he not mind his end? yes, ſure he muſt,
That ſtill was converſant 'mongſt beds of duſt.

82. *On a Drunkard.*

Bibax the Drunkard, while he liv'd would ſay,
The more I drink, the more methinks I may;
But ſee how death hath prov'd his ſaying juſt,
For he hath drunk himſelf as dry as duſt.

83. *On a Child.*

Tread ſoftly paſſenger, for here doth lie,
A dainty jewell of ſweet Infancie:

A harmleſſe babe, that onely came and cry'd
In baptiſm to be waſh'd from ſin, and dy'd.

84. *Another.*

As carefull Mothers do to ſleeping lay (play:
Their babes, that would too long the wantons
So to prevent my youths approaching crimes,
Nature my Nurſe had me to bed betimes.

85. *Another.*

In this marble Caſket lyes,
A matchleſſe jewell of rich prize,
Whom nature in the worlds diſdain
But ſhew'd, and put it up again.

Dr. Corbets Epitaph on his Father.

Vincent Corbet further known,
By Pontiers name then by his own,
Here lies engaged till the day
Of raiſing bones and quickning clay:
Years he liv'd well-nigh fourſcore,
But count his vertues, he was more;
And number him by doing good,
He liv'd the age before the flood.

Should

Should we undertake his ſtory,
Truth would ſeem fain'd, & plainneſſe glory.
Yet of his vertues much is found,
Written in many a fertile ground:
Where the Printer thee affords,
Earth for paper, Trees for words.
He was Natures Factor here,
And Leiger lay for every ſhire,
To ſupply th'ingenious wants
Of homeſprung fruits, & forain plants.
Simple he was, and wiſe withall;
His purſe, nor baſe, nor prodigall;
Poorer in ſubſtance, then in friends;
Future and publike were his ends.
His Alms were ſuch as *Paul* defines,
Not cauſes to be ſav'd, but ſignes.
Beſides his fame, his goods, his life,
He left a Grandſon and a wife.
Strange ſorrow, ſcarce to be believ'd,
When the ſon and heir is griev'd.
Read then and mourn what e'r thou art,
That doſt but hope to have thy part
In Epitaphs: leſt being dead,
Thy life be written and not read.

86. *On the death of Doctor Whaley.*

The well-tun'd motions of the ſphears now ceaſe,
The Choriſters of the wood, now hold their peace
They're ſtill that ſing ſweet *requiems* to the bleſt;
All with a mourning ſilence now do reſt,
To hear the Muſes with melodious layes,
Warble *Encomiums* in thy glorious praiſe;
Powring upon thy grave an Aprill ſhowre,
In hopes it may produce a happy flowre.
Our *Whaly*'s gone, yet here we have his ghoſt
Summon'd to Star-chamber by the Poſt
Of Heaven, to pay a debt by nature due.
Then rip the ſluces of your eyes, all you
Adorers of the Muſes; and diſtill
Part of your ſouls in tears, the world to fill;
That he may go by water to his reſt,
And in *Elyſium* ſlumbers ere be bleſt.

87. *On the Death of Dr. Stubbins.*

Tell me, impartiall Fates, did you agree
Each one to play his part in Geometrie?
I know not by whoſe plot you did combine
That you might make a *ſecant* in a *line*.
Your curſed plot hath took: our joy you have
Thwarted with doleful mournings, ſince you gave

That

That impious cut into our *Stubbins* thred,
Which *Ariadnes* like before had led:
But yet ye did not cut his cord of life;
That's too too strong, and yours too dull a knife.
He's now disburd'nd of this hive of clay,
Which clog'd his swift bees wings, & stopt the way
He now doth rise, and stretch his silver plumes,
Mounting aloft, he new force reassumes,
And Phœnix-like to death a welcome gives,
So that by life he dies, by death he lives.
Fly then aloft, and for thy bodies breath,
Bear the eternall victory of death.

88. *On Doctor Donns death.*

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And doe it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so.
He must have wit to spare, and to pull down:
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.
He must have learning plenty, both the laws,
Civill, and Common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store, above the rest;
None of the worst edition, but the best;
He must have language, travail, all the Arts;
Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as *Mæcenas* and *Augustus* too;

Hee

He must have such a sickneſſe, such a death,
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an Epitaph for thee,
He muſt be dead firſt; let it alone for mee.

89. *On Mr. Sands.*

Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceives the dead mans truſt,
When our names doe change by death;
Sands I was, and now am duſt.

90. *On Mr. Goad.*

Go adde this verſe, to *Goad*'s herſe,
For *Goad* is gone, but whither?
Goad himſelf is gone to God,
'Twas death's goad drove him thither.

61. *On* Mr. *Munday.*

Hallowed be the Sabbath,
And farewell all worldly pelf;
The week begins on Tueſday,
For *Munday* hath hang'd himſelf.

92. *On a Matron.*

Here lies a wife was chaſte, a mother bleſt;
A modeſt Matron, all theſe in one cheſt:
Sarah unto her Mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men, whilſt here ſhe had aboad.

93. *In Latine thus.*

Uxor caſta, Parens felix, Matrona pudica,
Sarra viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

94. *On a Souldier.*

When I was young, in Wars I ſhed my blood,
Both for my King, and for my Countries good:
In elder years, my care was chief to be
Souldier to him that ſhed his blood for me.

95. *On Mr. Dumbelow, that dyed of the winde Collicke.*

Dead is *Dick Dumbelow*
Would you the reaſon know?
Could his *tail* have but ſpoken
His ſtout heart had not broken.

96. *On Mr. Kitchins death.*

Kitching lies here(for ſo his name I found)
I ſee Death keeps his *Kitchin* under ground.
And the poor worms(that fleſh of late did eat)
Devour their *Kitching* now for want of meat.

97. *On Iſabella a Curtezan.*

He who would write an Epitaph,
Whereby to make fair *Iſabell* laugh,
Muſt get upon her,and write well,
Here underneath lies *Iſabell*.

98. *On a vertuous wife.*

In brief,to ſpeak thy praiſe, let this ſuffice,
Thou wer't a wife moſt loving,modeſt,wiſe,
Of children carefull,to thy neighbours kind,
A worthy Miſtreſſe,and of liberall mind.

99. *On Mr. Chriſtopher Lawſon.*

Death did not kill unjuſtly this good man,
But death,in death,by death did ſhew his power,
His pious deeds and thoughts to heaven fore-ran,
There to prepare his ſoul a bleſſed bower.

100. *On a Welſhman.*

Here lies puryed under theſe ſtones,
Shon ap Williams, ap Shinkyn, ap Shones,
Her was porn in *Whales*, her was kill'd in *France*,
Her went to Cot by a fery miſ-ſhance
La ye now.

101. *On Mr. Carter, burnt by the great powder-miſchance in Finsbury.*

Here lies an honeſt C*arter* (yet no clown)
Unladen of his cares, his end the Crown,
Vaniſh'd from hence, even in a cloud of ſmoke,
A blown-up Citizen, and yet not broke.

102. *On a Lady dying in Child-bed.*

Born at the firſt to bring another forth,
She leavs the world, to leave the world her worth:
Thus Phœnix-like, as ſhe was born to bleed,
Dying her ſelf, renews it in her ſeed.

103. *On a Faulconer.*

Death with her talons having ſeiz'd this prey,
After a tedious ſlight, truſs'd him away:

We mark'd him, here he fell, whence he ſhall riſe
At call, till then unretriv'd here he lyes.

104. *On Ioan Truman who had an iſſue in her legge.*

Here lies crafty *Ioan*, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a falſe maid, and dy'd a *Truman*,
And this trick ſhe had, to make up her cunning,
Whilſt one leg ſtood ſtill, the other was running.

105. *On a Youth.*

Now thou haſt heaven for merit, but 'tis ſtrange,
Morality ſhould envy at thy change:
God thought us unfit for ſuch as thee,
And made thee conſort of eternity.
We grieve not then, that thou to heaven art taken,
But that thou haſt thy friends ſo ſoon forſaken.

106. *On Prince Henry.*

Did he die young? O no, it cold not be,
For I know few that liv'd ſo long as he,
Till God and all men lov'd him; then bee bold,
The man that lives ſo long, muſt needs be old.

107. *On a Child of two yeares old, being born and dying in Iuly.*

Here is laid a *Iuly* flowre
With ſurviving tears bedew'd,
Not deſpairing of that houre
When her ſpring ſhal be renu'd;
Ere ſhee had her ſummer ſeen,
She was gather'd freſh and green.

108. *On a Cobler.*

Death at a Çoblers door oft made a ſtand,
And alwayes found him on the mending hand;
At laſt came death in very foul weather,
And ript the ſole from the upper leather:
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's Awle, death brought his (Laſt.

109. *On a young Gentlewoman.*

Nature in this ſmall volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out:
Yet carefull leſt a piece ſo well begun,
Should want preſervatives when ſhe had done:

Ere ſhe could finiſh what ſhe undertook,
Threw duſt upon it, and ſhut up the book.

110. *On a Scholler.*

Forbeare Friend t'unclaſpe this book,
Onely in the forefront look,
For in it have errours bin,
Which made the Author call it in:
Yet know this, 't ſhall have more worth,
At the ſecond comming forth.

111. *On a young Woman.*

The body which within this earth is laid,
Twice ſix weeks knew a wife, a Saint, a Maid;
Fair maid, chaſt wife, pure ſaint, yet tis not ſtrange
She was a woman, therefore pleas'd to change:
And now ſhe's dead, ſome woman doth remain,
For ſtill ſhe hopes, once to be chang'd again.

112. *On Brawne.*

Here *Brawne* the quondam begger lyes,
Who counted by his tale
Full ſixcore winters in his life;
Such vertue is in ale.

Ale

Ale was his meat, Ale was his drink,
Ale did him long reprive,
And could he ſtill have drunk his Ale,
He had been ſtill alive.

113. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes (I wot) a little ſtar,
That did belong to *Jupiter*,
Which from him *Prometheus* ſtole
And with it a fire-coale.
Or this is that I mean to handle,
Here doth lie a farthing Candle,
That was lov'd well, having its light,
But loſing that, now bids good night.

114. *On M. R.*

Who ſooneſt dies, lives long enough,
Our life is but a blaſt or puffe.
I did reſiſt and ſtrive with death,
But ſoon he put me out of breath;
He of my life thought to bereave me,
But I did yeeld onely to breathe me.
O'r him I ſhall in triumph ſing,
Thy conqueſt Grave, where is thy ſting?

115. *On an Inne-keeeper.*

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inne, (ſinne;
Where harbour'd was with mee, all filthy kind of
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy by faith to enter in. (my kin?
Why weep you then my friends, my parents, and
Lament ye when I loſe, but weep not when I win.

116. *On a Cobler.*

Come hither, read my gentle friend,
And here behold a Coblers end.
Longer in length his life had gone,
But that he had no Laſt ſo long;
O mighty Death, whoſe dart can kill
The man that made him ſouls at will!

117. *On M. Aire.*

Under this ſtone of marble faire,
Lies th'body 'ntomb'd of *Gervaſe Aire.*
He dy'd not of an ague-fit,
Nor ſurfeited of too much wit,
Me thinks this was a wondrous death,
That *Aire* ſhould dye for want of breath.

118. *On a young Man.*

Surpriz'd by grief and ſickneſſe, here I lye,
Stopt in my middle age, and ſoon made dead,
Yet do not grudge at God, if ſoon thou dye,
But know he trobles favours on thy head;
Who for thy morning work, equalls thy pay,
With thoſe that have endur'd the heat oth'day.

119. *On the two Littletons that were drowned at Oxford, 1636.*

Here lie we (Reader, canſt thou not admire?)
Who both at once by water dy'd and fire,
For whilſt our bodies periſh'd in the deep,
Our ſouls in love burnt, ſo we fell aſleep:
Let this be then our Epitaph: Here lyes
Two, yet but one, one for the other dyes.

120. *On a Butler.*

That death ſhould thus from hence our Butler catch,
Into my mind it cannot quickly ſink;
Sure death came thirſty to the butt'ry-hatch,
When he (that buſi'd was) deny'd him drink.

Tut,

Tut! 'twas not ſo, 'tis like he gave him liquor,
And death made drunk, him made away the quicker;
Yet let not others grieve too much in mind;
(The Butler's gone) the keys are left behind.

121. *On M. Cook.*

To God, his Country, and the Poor, he had
A zealous ſoul, free heart, and lib'rall mind.
His wife, his children, and his kindred ſad
Lack of his love, his care and kindneſſe find:
Yet are their ſorrows aſſwag'd with the thought
He hath attain'd the happineſſe he ſought.

122. *On a Porter.*

At length by works of wondrous fate,
Here lyes the Porter of Wincheſter-gate:
If gone to heav'n, as much I feare,
He can be but a Porter there:
He fear'd not hell ſo much for's ſin,
As for th'great rapping, and oft comming in.

123. *Upon one who dy'd in Priſon.*

Reader, I liv'd, enquire no more,
Leſt a ſpy enter in at doore,

Such

Such are the times, a dead man dare
Not truſt nor credit common aire,
But dye and lie entombed here,
By me, I'll whiſper in thine eare
Such things as onely duſt to duſt
(And without witneſſe) may entruſt.

124. *On Waddam-Colledge Butler.*

Mans life is like a new-tunn'd Cask they ſay,
The formoſt draught, is oft times caſt away,
Such are our younger years, the following ſtill
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our manhood, untill age at length,
Doth ſowre its ſweetneſs, & doth ſtop its ſtrength:
Then death preſcribing to each thing its bounds,
Takes what is left, and turns it all to grounds.

125. *On a Horſe.*

Here lyes a Horſe, who dyed but
To make his Maſter goe on foot.
A miracle ſhould it be ſo:
The dead to make the lame to goe;
Yet Fate would have it, that the ſame
Should make him goe, that made him lame.

126. *On Aretyne.*

Here biting *Aretyne* lyes buryed,
With gal more bitter, never man was fed,
The living nor the dead to carp he ſpar'd
Nor yet for any King or *Cæſar* car'd:
Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
His anſwer was, indeed I know him not.

127. *On William Coale an Alehouſe-keeper, at Coaton near Cambridge.*

Doth *William Coale* lye here? henceforth be ſtale,
Be ſtrong and laugh on us, thou *Coaten* Ale:
Living indeed, he with his violent hand
Never left graſping thee, while he could ſtand.
But death at laſt, hath with his fiery flaſhes
Burnt the *Coal*, and turn'd it into aſhes.

128. *On one Andrew Leigh, who was vext with a ſhrewd wife in his life time.*

Here lies *Leigh*, who vext with a ſhrewd wife,
To gain his quiet, parted with his life;
But ſee the ſpight! ſhe that had alwaies croſt
Him living, dyes, and means to hunt his Ghoſt.

But

But ſhe may fail, for *Andrew* out of doubt
Will cauſe his brother *Peter* ſhut her out.

129. *In quendam.*

Stay mortall, ſtay, remove not from this Tombe,
Before thou haſt conſider'd well thy doome;
My bow ſtands ready bent, and couldſt it ſee,
Mine arrow's drawn toth' head, and aims at thee:
Prepare yet wandring Ghoſt, take home this line;
The grave that next is open'd may be thine.

130. *On a vertuous Youth.*

Reader, let a ſtone thee tell
That in this body there did dwell
A ſoule, as heavenly, rich, and good,
As e'r could live in fleſh and blood:
And therefore heav'n that held it deare,
Did let it ſtay the leſſe while here,
Whoſe corps here ſacred aſhes makes;
Thus heav'n and earth have parted ſtakes.

131. *On a Cock-maſter.*

Farewell ſtout Hot-ſpur, now the battell's done,
In which th'art foil'd and death hath overcome,

He-

Having o'r-match'd thy ſtrength that made thee
She quickly forc'd thee on the pit to droop:(ſtoop
From whence thou art not able riſe or ſtir;
For death is now become the vanquiſher.

132. *On a Mathematician.*

Loe, in ſmall cloſure of this earthly bed
Reſts he, that heavens vaſt motions meaſured,
Who having known both of the land and sky,
More than fam'd *Archimede*, or *Ptolomy*,
Would further preſſe, and like a P*almer* went,
With *Jacob's* ſtaffe, beyond the firmament.

133. *On a Taylor.*

Iack Snip the Taylor's dead, 'tis now too late
To brawl or wrangle with the cruell fate,
Yet ſure 'twas hardly done to clip his thred,
Before he gave them leave, in his own bed.
He dy'd at forty juſt; poor ſhred of baſe
Mortality! who pities not his caſe?
Of a whole ell of cloth, he would not take
Above a nail at moſt, for conſcience ſake:
But of his ſpan of life, I dare to ſay,
Death ſtole not much leſſe than one half away;
And coward-like, juſt when he was not well,
With his own bodkin (pitifull to tell)

Hee

He boar'd a hole through him, that all his men
And prentices could not ſtitch up agen.

134. *On his Miſtris Death.*

Unjuſtly we complaine of Fate,
For ſhortning our unhappy dayes,
When death doth nothing but tranſlate,
And print us in a better phraſe;
Yet who can chuſe but weep? Not I:
That beauty of ſuch excellence,
And more vertue then could die,
By deaths rude hand is raviſh'd hence.
Sleep bleſt creature in thine urn,
My ſighs, my tears, ſhall not awake thee.
I but ſtay untill my turn;
And then, O then! I'll overtake thee.

135. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

If conſtellations which in heaven are fixt,
Give life by influence to bodies mixt,
And every ſign peculiar right doth claime
Of that to which it propagates a name;
Then I conjecture, *Charles* the great Northern ſtar
Whiſtled up *Hobſon* for to drive his Car.
He is not dead, but left his manſion here,
Has left the Bull, and flitted to the Beare.

His

Me thinks I ſee how *Charons* fingers itches,
But he's deceiv'd, hee cannot have his riches.

136. *Another on Hobſon.*

Whom ſeek ye ſirs? Old *Hobſon*? fie upon
Your tardineſſe, the Carrier is gon.
Why ſtare you ſo? nay, you deſerve to faile,
Alas, here's nought, but his old rotten maile.
He went a good-while ſince, no queſtion ſtore
Are glad, who vext he would not go before:
And ſome are griev'd hee's gone ſo ſoon away,
The Lord knows why he did no longer ſtay.
How could he pleaſe you all? I'm ſure of this,
He linger'd ſoundly, howſoe'r you miſs;
But gone he is, nor was he ſurely well
At his departure, as miſchance befell:
For he is gone in ſuch unwonted kind,
As ne'r before, his goods al left behind.

13. *Old Hobſons Epitaph.*

Here *Hobſon* lies among his many betters,
A man unlearned, yet a man of Letters;
His carriage was well known, oft hath he gone
In Embaſſy 'twixt father and the ſonne: (ken,
There's few in *Cambridge*, to his praiſe be it ſpo-
But may remember him by ſome good Token.

From

From whence he rid to *London* day by day,
'Till death benighting him, he loſt his way:
His Teame was of the beſt, nor would he have
Been mir'd in any way, but in the grave.
Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gon,
Since all men knew, he long was drawing on.
Thus reſt in peace thou everlaſting Swain,
And ſupreme VVaggoner, next *Charles* his wain.

133. *Vpon Iohn* Crop, *who dyed by taking a vomit.*

Mans life's a game at Tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiſer play;
Death playes againſt us, each diſeaſe and ſore
Are blots, if hit, the danger is the more
To loſe the game; but an old ſtander by
Binds up the blots, and cures the malady,
And ſo prolongs the game; *Iohn Crop* was he
Death in a rage did challenge for to ſee
His play, the dice are thrown, when firſt he drinks
Caſts, makes a blot, death hits him with a Sinck;
He caſts again, but all in vain, for death
By th'after game did win the prize, his breath.
VVhat though his skil was good, his luck was bad
For never mortall man worſe caſting had.
But did not death play falſe, to win from ſuch
As he? no doubt, he bare a man too much.

134. *An honest Epitaph.*

Here lyes an honest man, Reader if thou seek more
Thou art not so thy self; for honestie is store
Of commendations; And it is more praise,
To dye an honest man, then full of dayes.

135. *On a Cobler.*

Here lyes an honest Cobler, whom curst Fate,
Perceiving neare worne out, would needs tran-
'Twas a good thrifty soul, & time hath bin, (slate;
He would well liquor'd wade through thick and
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be said, (thin:
Honest *Jo.* Cobler is here under laid.

136. *On a proud Man.*

Good Reader know, that commest nigh;
Here lies he low, that look'd so high.
Both poor and nak'd; that was gay-cloath'd:
Of all forsak'd, who others loath'd.
He once thought all envy'd his worth:
Nor great, nor small, now grudge his turf:
The heavenly Cope was his ambition:
Three Cubits scope is his fruition.

He was above all; God above him:
He did not love all; nor God love him:
He that him taught first to aspire,
Now hath him caught, and payes his hire.

137. *On an Irefull and Angry man.*

Here lies a *Fury*, hight Sir *Ire*;
That bred, and earn'd immortall Fire.
He 'gan to wrangle from the wombe;
And was a wrangler to his Tombe.
A peevish, and a foolish elfe,
Foe to his God, his Saints, his selfe.
He hated men; Men did not love him:
No evill but his own might move him.
He was; and was earths load, and care:
He is; and is Hells brand, and share.

Passenger, Stay; Reade, Walke. Here Lyeth,
ANDREW TVRNCOAT, WHO WAS NEITHER SLAVE, NOR SOVLDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN, NOR FENCER, NOR COBLER, NOR FILTCHER, NOR LAWYER, NOR VSVRER, BVT ALL. WHO LIVED NEITHER IN CITY, NOR COVNTRY, NOR AT HOME, NOR ABROAD, NOR AT SEA, NOR AT LAND, NOR HERE, NOR ELSEWHERE, BVT EVERYWHERE. WHO DIED, NEITHER OF HVNGER, NOR POYSON, NOR HATCHET, NOR HALTER, NOR DOGGE, NOR DISEASE, BVT OF ALL TOGETHER. I. I. H. BEING NEITHER HIS DEBTOR, NOR HEIRE, NOR KINSMAN, NOR FRIEND, NOR NEIGHBOVR, BVT ALL. IN HIS MEMORY HAVE ERECTED, THIS NEITHER MONVMENT, NOR TOMB, NOR SEPVLCHRE, BVT ALL. WISHING NEITHER EVIL, NOR WEL, NEITHER TO THEE, NOR TO ME, NOR HIM, BVT ALL VNTO ALL.

139. *On a Dyer.*

Though death the Dyer colour-leſſe hath made,
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his trade;
But being dead, the means yet doth not lack,
To dye his friends cloth into mourning Black.
Some ſure foreſaw his death, for they of late
Us'd to exclaim upon his dying Fate: (been,
And weak and faint, he ſeem'd oft times t'have
For to change colours often he was ſeen;
Yet there no matter was ſo foul, but he
VVould ſet a colour on it handſomely:
Death him no unexpected ſtroke could give,
That learnt to die, ſince he began to live:
He ſhall yet prove, what he before hath try'd,
And ſhall once more live after he hath dy'd.

140. *On a diſagreeing Couple.*

Hic jacet ille, qui centum & mille
Did ſcold with his VVife:
Cum illo jacet illa, quæ communis in villa
Did quittance his life:
His name was *Nick*, the which was ſick,
And that very *male*,
Her name was *Nan*, who lov'd well a man,
So gentleman, *vale*.

141. *On a Foot-boy that dy'd with over-much running.*

Baſe tyrant death, thus to aſſail one tir'd,
Who ſcarce his lateſt breath being left expir'd;
And being too too cruell thus to ſtay
So ſwift a courſe, at length ran quite away.
But pretty boy, be ſure it was not death
That left behind thy body out of breath:
Thy ſoul and body running in a race,
Thy ſoul held out, thy body tir'd apace,
Thy ſoul gained, and left that lump of clay
To reſt it ſelf untill the latter day.

142. *On a Scrivener.*

Here to a period is the Scrivener come,
This is the laſt ſheet, his full point this Tombe.
Of all aſperſions I excuſe him not,
'Tis known he liv'd not, without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example ſhew'd to any,
But rather gave good copies unto many.
He in good Letters hath alwayes been bred,
And hath writ more then many men have read.
He rulers had at his command by law,
And though he could not hang, yet he could draw

He

He far more bond-men had, and made, then any;
A dash alone of his pen ruin'd many;
That not without good reason, we might call
His letters great, or little Capitall.
Yet is the Scriveners fate as sure as just,
When he hath all done then he falls to dust.

On Mr. P. Gray.

Reader stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last day,
All that is left of *Philip Gray*;
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if such men as he could die,
What surety of life have thou and I?

143. *On a Chandler.*

How might his dayes end that made weeks? or he
That cold make light, here laid in darkenesse be?
Yet since his weeks were spent, how could he chuse
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade lose?
Yet dead the Chandler is, and sleeps in peace,
No wonder; long since melted was his greace:
It seems that he did evill, for day light
He hated, and did rather wish the night:

Yet came his works to light, and were like gold
Prov'd in the fire, but could not tryall hold;
His candle had an end, and deaths black night
Is an extinguiſher of all his light.

144. *On a Smith.*

Farewell ſtout Iron-ſide, not all thine Art
Could make a ſhield againſt deaths envious Dart.
Without a fault, no man his life doth paſs,
For to his Vice the Smith addicted was.
He oft (as choler is increas'd by fire)
Was in a fume, and much inclin'd to ire.
He had ſo long been us'd to Forge, that he
Was with a black-coal mark'd for forgery:
But he for witneſſe needed not to care,
VVho but a Black-ſmith was, though ne'r ſo fair;
And opportunities he needed not,
That knew to ſtrike then when the Ir'n was hot;
As the door-Nailes he made, hee's now as dead;
He them, and death him, hath knockt on the head.

145. *On a Man drown'd in the Snow.*

Within a fleece of ſilent waters drown'd,
Before my death was known, a grave I found;
The which exil'd my life from her ſweet home,
For grief ſtraight froze it ſelf into a tombe.

One

One element my angry Fate thought meet
To be my death, grave, tombe, and winding sheet:
Phœbus himself, an Epitaph had writ,
But blotting many ere he thought one fit;
He wrote untill my grave, and tombe were gone,
And 'twas an Epitaph that I had none;
For every one that passed by that way,
Without a sculpture read that there I lay.
Here now the second time untomb'd I lie,
And thus much have the best of Destinie:
Corruption, from which onely one was free,
Devour'd my grave, but did not feed on me:
My first grave took me from the race of men,
My last shall give me back to life agen.

146. *On Dr. Hackets wife.*

Drop mournfull eyes your pearly trickling tears,
Flow streames of sadnesse, drown the spangled sphears,
Fall like the tumbling Cataracts of *Nile*,
Make deaf the world with cryes; let not a smile
Appeare, let not an eye be seen to sleep
Nor slumber, onely let them serve to weep
Her deare lamented death, who in her life
VVas a religious, loyall, loving wife,
Of children tender, to an husband kind,
Th'undoubted symptomes of a vertuous mind:

VVhich

Which makes her glorious, 'bove the higheſt pole,
Where Angels ſing ſweet *requiems* to her ſoule;
She liv'd a none-ſuch, did a none-ſuch die,
Ne'r none-ſuch here her corps interred lie.

147. *On a beautifull Virgin.*

In this marble buri'd lies,
Beauty, may inrich the Skyes,
And adde light to *Phœbus* eyes.

Sweeter then *Aurora*'s aire,
When ſhe paints the Lilies faire,
And gilds Cowſlips with her haire.

Chaſter then the Virgin ſpring,
Ere her bloſſoms ſhee doth bring,
Or cauſe *Philomel* to ſing.

If ſuch goodneſſe live'mongſt men,
Bring me it; I know then
She is come from heaven agen.

But if not, ye ſtanders by
Cheriſh me, and ſay that I
Am the next deſign'd to dy.

148. An ancient Epitaph on Martin Mar-Prelate.

The Welſhman is hanged,
Who at our Kirk ſlanged,
And at her State banged,
And bzended are his Bukes:
And though he bee hanged,
Yet he is not wzanged,
The Debill has him fanged
In his kruked klukes.

149. *Upon Hodge Pue's Father.*

Oh cruell death that ſtop'd the view
Of *Thoms* pariſhioner good-man *Pue*,
Who lived alwayes in good order,
Untill that death ſtopt his Recorder,
Which was betwixt Eaſter and Pentecoſt,
In the year of the great froſt:
At *New-Market* then was the King,
When as the Bells did merrily ring,
The Miniſter preached the day before
Unto his Highneſſe, and no more,
Returning home, ſaid prayers, and
Buried the man as I underſtand.

150. *On Mr. Waſhington Page to the Prince.*

Knew'ſt thou whoſe theſe aſhes were,
Reader, thou wouldſt weeping ſweare,
The raſh Fates err'd here, as appeares,
Counting his vertues for his yeares,
His goodneſſe made them ſo o'r-ſeen,
Which ſhew'd him threeſcore at eighteen:
Enquire not his diſeaſe or pain;
He dy'd of nothing elſe but *Spaine*,
Where the worſt Calenture he feeles,
Are Jeſuites and Alguaziles,
Where he is not allow'd to have,
(Unleſſe he ſteal't) a quiet grave.

He needs no other Epitaph or ſtone
But this; Here lies lov'd *Waſhington*:
VVrite this in tears, in that looſe duſt,
And every griev'd beholder muſt,
When he weighs him, and knows his years,
Renew the letters with his tears.

To

151. *On Doctor Whaly.*

What? is the young *Apollo* grown of late
Conſcious his tender years are nothing fit
To rule the now large *Heliconian* ſtate,
Without a ſage Competitor in it?
And therefore ſent death, who might *Whaly* bring
To be a Guardian to this ſtripling King?
Sure ſo it is, but if we thought it might
Be worſe then this: namely, that the gods for ſpight
To earth, had ta'n him hence, wee'd weep amain,
Wee'd weep a *Phlegethon*, an Ocean;
Which might without the help of *Charons* Oares,
Ferry his ſoul to the *Elyſian* ſhoares.

152. On our Prime Engliſh Poet *Geffery Chaucer*, an ancient Epitaph.

Hy Maſter Chaucer, with his freſh Comedies
Is dead, alaſſe! chief Poet of Britaine,
That whilome made full piteous Tragedies:
The fault alſo of Princes did complaine,
As he that was of making Soveraigne;
Whom all this Land ſhould of right preferre,
Sith of our Language he was the Lode-ſterre.

153. *On M. Edm. Spencer the famous Poet.*

At *Delphos* ſhrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by the Oracle muſt be releaſed,
Whether of Poets where the beſt renown'd;
Thoſe that ſurvive, or they that are deceaſed?
The Gods made anſwer by divine ſuggeſtion,
While *Spencer* is alive, it is no queſtion.

154. *On Jo. Owen.*

Well had theſe words been added to thy herſe,
What e'r thou ſpak'ſt (like *Ovid*) was a verſe.

155. *On Michael Drayton buryed in Weſtminſter.*

Doe pious Marble, let thy Readers know,
What they, and what their children ow
To *Drayton's* ſacred name, whoſe duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, preſerve his ſtory,
And a laſting Monument of his glory,
And when thy ruines ſhall diſclaime
To be the Treaſury of his name:

His

His name which cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

156. *On William Shakeſpeare.*

Renowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make roome,
For *Shakeſpeare* in your threefold, fourfold tombe,
To lodge all four in one bed make a ſhift
Untill Dooms-day for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day, and that by Fates be ſlain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death do barre
A fourth place in your ſacred Sepulchre;
Under this ſacred Marble of thine owne,
Sleep rare Tragœdian *Shakeſpeare*! ſleep alone.
Thy unmoleſted peace in an unſhared Cave,
Poſſeſſe as Lord, not Tenant of thy grave,
That unto us, and others it may bee,
Honour hereafter to be led by thee.

157. *On Maſter Beaumont.*

He that hath ſuch acuteneſſe and ſuch wit,
As well may ask ſix lives to manage it;

He

He that hath writ ſo well, that no man dare
Deny it for the beſt; let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whoſe ſole death appears,
VVit's a diſeaſe conſumes men in few years.

158. *On Ben. Johnſon.*

The Muſes faireſt light, in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the Line
That none can paſſe; the moſt proportion'd wit
To Nature; the beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen;
The voice moſt eccho'd by conſenting men:
The ſoul which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others; and which moſt requitall made:
Tun'd to the higheſt key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her muſick with her owne.
In whom with nature, ſtudy claim'd a part,
And yet who to himſelf ow'd all his Art:
Here lies *Ben. Johnſon*, every age will look
With ſorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

159. *On the Death of Mary, Counteſſe of Pembroke.*

Underneath this ſable Herſe
Lies the ſubject of all verſe,

Sidneys ſiſter, *Pembrookes* Mother.
Death ere thou haſt kill'd another,
Faire and learned, good as ſhee,
Time ſhall throw a dart at thee.
Marble Pillars let none raiſe
To her name for after dayes.
Some kind woman born as ſhe,
Reading this, as *Niobe*,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both thy mourner, and thy Tombe.

160. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh at his Execution.*

Great heart, who taught thee ſo to die?
Death yeelding thee the victorie?
VVhere took'ſt thou leave of life? if there,
How couldſt thou be ſo freed from feare?
But ſure thou dyeſt, and quitt'ſt the State
Of fleſh and blood before that Fate.
Elſe what a miracle were wrought,
To triumph both in fleſh and thought?
I ſaw in every ſtander by,
Pale death, life onely in thine eye:
Th'example that thou left'ſt was then,
VVe look for when thou dy'ſt agen.

Farewell, truth ſhall thy ſtory ſay,
VVe dy'd, thou onely liv'dſt that day.

161. *On Sir Horatio Palavozeene.*

Here lies Sir *Horatio Palavozeene*,
Who rob'd the Pope to pay the Queene,
And was a Thief. A Thief? thou ly'ſt:
For why? he rob'd but Antichriſt.
Him death with his beeſome ſwept from *Babram*,
Into the boſome of old *Abraham*:
But then came *Hercules* with his club,
And ſtruck him down to *Belzebub*.

162. *On Sir Francis Drake drowned.*

Where *Drake* firſt found, there laſt he loſt his fame
And for Tombe left nothing but his name.
His body's bury'd under ſome great wave,
The Sea that was his glory, is his grave;
Of him no man true Epitaph can make,
For who can ſay, Here lyes Sir *Francis Drake*?

163. *Sir Ph. Sidney on himſelf.*

It is not I that dye, I doe but leave an Inne,
Where harboured was with me all filthy ſinne:

It

Sidney

It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin,
Into eternall joyes by faith to enter in. (Kin?
Why mourne you then, my Parents, Friends &
Lament you when I lose, not when I win.

164. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh.*

If spite be pleas'd, when as her object's dead,
Or malice pleas'd, when it hath bruis'd the head,
Or envy pleas'd when it hath what it would,
Then all are pleas'd, for *Rawleighs* blood is cold,
Which were it warm and active, would o'rcome,
And strike the two first blind, the other dumbe.

165. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

Reader: Within this ground Sir *Philip Sidney* lies,
Nor is it fit, that more
I should acquaint,
Lest superstition rise,
And men adore
A Lover, Scholler, Souldier, and a Saint.

166. *On a Learned Nobleman.*

He that can read a sigh, and spell a tear,
Pronounce amazement, or accent wild feare,

Or get all grief by heart, he, onely he,
Is fit to write, or read thy Elegie.
Unvalued Lord! that wer't ſo hard a text,
Read in one age, and underſtood i'th' next.

168. *On the Tombs in Weſtminſter.*

Mortality, behold, and feare,
What a change of fleſh is here!
Think how many Royall bones,
Sleep within theſe heap of Stones;
Here they lie, had Realmes, and Lands;
Who now want ſtrength to ſtir their hands.
Where from their pulpits ſeal'd with duſt,
They preach, In greatneſſe is no truſt.
Here's an Acre ſown indeed,
With the richeſt, royall'ſt ſeed,
That the earth did e'r ſuck in,
Since the firſt Man dy'd for ſin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:
Here are Sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd ſides of Kings:
Here's a world of Pomp and State
Buried in Duſt, once dead by Fate.

169. *On Queen Elizabeth.*

Kings, Queens, Mens, Virgins eyes
See where the mirrour lyes.
In whom her friends have ſeen,
A Kings ſtate in a Queen:
In whom her foes ſurvay'd,
A Mans heart in a Maid.
Whom leſt Men for her Piety,
Should grow to think ſome Deity;
Heaven hence by death did ſummon
Her, to ſhew that ſhe was Woman.

170. *On Queen Anne, who dyed in March, was kept all Aprill, and buried in May.*

March with his winds hath ſtruck a Cedar tall,
And weeping *Aprill* mourns the Cedars fall;
And *May* intends her month no flow'rs ſhal bring,
Since ſhe muſt loſe the flow'r of all the Spring.
Thy *March* his winds, have cauſed *Aprill* ſhow'rs,
And yet ſad *May* muſt loſe his flow'r of flow'rs.

171. *On Prince Henry.*

Reader; wonder think it none,
Though I ſpeak, and am a ſtone,
Here is ſhrin'd Cœleſtiall duſt,
And I keep it but in truſt:
Should I not my treaſure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this Stone could chuſe but break,
If it had not learnd to ſpeak:
Hence amaz'd and ask not me
Whoſe theſe ſacred aſhes be,
Purpoſely it is conceal'd,
For alaſſe! were that reveal'd,
All that read would by and by
Melt themſelves to tears and dy.

172. *On King James his death.*

We juſtly, when a meaner ſubject dyes,
Begin his Epitaph with, Here he lyes,
But when a King, whoſe memory remains
Triumphant over death, with, here he reigns:
Now he is dead, to whom the world imputes
Deſervedly, eternall Attributes.
For ſhall we think his glory can deceaſe,
That's honour'd with the ſtile, The King of Peace:

Whoſe

VVhoſe happy union of Great Britanny?
Calls him the bleſſed King of Unity.
And in whoſe Royall Title it enſu'th,
Defender of the Faith, and King of Truth
Theſe girt thy brows with an immortal Crown,
(Great *Iames*) & turn thy Tonibe into a Throne.

173. *On the King of Sweden's death.*

'Tis ſin to praiſe or weep; Oh let me vent
My paſſion onely in aſtoniſhment.
VVho ſheads a teare for thee (brave *Swead* thus
His eyes do penance for his weaker brain; (ſlain)
And yet thoſe eyes themſelves deſerve this doom,
VVhich thus miſtake a Trophie for a Tomb,
Or elſe thy foes may weep, as then they did,
As when thou dyeſt, but all their tears were blood
O what a tempeſt, what a ſea was forc't,
Of tribute, groans and tears, to waft one Ghoſt!
No way but death they had to flie thy face:
Thou quit'ſt thy body to purſue thy chaſe.
But who pretends thy praiſe in beſt expreſſion,
Indites his judgment of confeſt preſumptiō (hand
Bold tongue, touch not that head, that heart, that
Wch brought on's knees (when he did tipto ſtand)
The pride of *Auſtria*, back'd with all but heaven:
Himſelf of all, but of himſelf bereaven.

Thus having plum'd th'Imperiall bird alone,
Upon those Eagle wings to heaven is flowne:
Why should he stay on earth, the game is done?
Others can part the stake that he hath wonne:
'Tis low ambition, underneath his story,
To aim at any Crown, but that of of glory.
Then Cannon play, his body's sacrific'd,
He is not Cannon'd, no he's Canoniz'd.

174. *Another on the King of Sweden.*

The world expects *Swede's* monumentall Stone
Should equall the Philosophers; each groane
Should breath a golden vein, and every verse
Should draw *Elixar* from his fatall Herse.
No fitter subject where strong lines should meet,
Than such a noble center; could the feet
Of able Verse but trace his victories,
They need not feare o'r strain'd Hyperbolies,
Where all's transcendent, who out parallel'd
Plutarchs selected *Heroes*, and is held
The tenth of Worthies: who hath over-acted
Great *Cæsars German*-Comment, and contracted
His expeditions by preventing aw,
He often overcame before he saw:
And (what of his great Son, *Jove* us'd to say)
He alwayes either found or made his way.

Such

Such was his perſonall and ſingle fight,
As if that death it ſelf had ta'n her flight
Into brave *Swedens* ſcabbard, when he drew,
Death with that ſteel inevitably flew.
His Camp a Church, wherein the Gen'ralls life
Was the beſt Sermon, and the onely ſtrife
Amongſt his, was to repeat it, bended knee
Was his prime poſture, and his enemy
Found this moſt prevalent, his diſcipline
Impartiall and exact, it did out-ſhine
Thoſe Antique Martiall Grecian, Roman lamps,
From which moſt of the worlds ſucceeding camps
Have had their borrow'd light; this, this was he,
All this and more, yet even all this can dye.
Death ſurely ventur'd on the *Swede* to try,
If heav'n were ſubject to mortality;
And ſhot his ſoule to Heav'n, as if that ſhe
Could (if not kill) unthrone a Deity.
Bold Death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another ſenſe,
That Heav'n is ſaid to ſuffer violence.
No ir'n Chain-ſhot, but 'tis the golden chaine
Of Vertue, and the Graces are the maine,
That doe unhinge the everlaſting Gates,
All which like yoked undivided mates,
Were link'd in *Sweden*, where then were enchain'd
Like Orthodox all volumes nothing feign'd:
Though fairly bound, his ſtory is not dipt
In oyle, but in his own true Manuſcript.

It

It is enough to name him, surely we
Have got that *Romans* doting Lethargie:
And may our names forget, if so we can
Forget the name of *Sweden*; renown'd man?
Thou hadst no sooner made the worthies ten,
But heaven did claim the tenth; jealous that men
YVould Idolize thee, but their Instrument.
Thus thy Meridian proov'd thy Occident;
Had longer dayes been granted by the Fates,
Rome had heard this *Hannibal* at her gates.

Farewell thou *Austrian* scourge,
Thou modern wonder,
Strange rain hath followed
Thy last clap of thunder,
A Shower of teares:
And yet for ought we know,
The Horn that's left,
May blow down *Iericho*.

175. *On Ben. Johnsons death.*

I see the wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off Death's pale dart: for *Johnson* then
Thou hadst been numbred still with living men:
Times Syth had fear'd thy lawrell to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Amongst

Amongſt thoſe many votaries that come
To offer up their Garlands at thy Tombe,
Whilſt ſome more lofty Pens in their bright verſe,
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herſe)
Shall light the dull and thankleſſe world to ſee,
How great a maim it ſuffers; (wanting thee)
Let not thy learned ſhadow ſcorn, that I
Pay meaner Rites unto thy memory:
And ſince I nought can adde, but in deſire; (fire.
Reſtore ſome ſparks which leapt from thine owne
What ends ſoever other Quills invite,
I can proteſt it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But meerly love and juſtice to the dead, (bring
Which rais'd my fameleſſe Muſe; and caus'd her
Theſe drops, as tribute thrown into that ſpring,
To whoſe moſt rich and fruitfull head we ow,
The pureſt ſtreams of language which now flow:
For 'tis but truth; thou taught'ſt the ruder age
To ſpeak by Grammar, and reform'dſt the Stage:
Thy Comick Sock induc'd ſuch purged ſenſe,
A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
Amongſt thoſe ſoaring wits that did dilate
Our Engliſh, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thy ſelfe was one
Help'd lif it up to ſuch proportion,
That thus refin'd and roab'd, it ſhall not ſpare
With the full Greek or Latine to compare.

For

For what tongue ever durſt, but ours, tranſlate
Great *Tullies* eloquence, or *Homers* ſtate?
Both which in their unblemiſh'd luſtre ſhine,
From *Chapmans* Pen, and from thy *Catiline*.
All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy ſucceſſefull toyle, and times expence,
Is onely this poore boone; that thoſe who can
Perhaps read *French*, or talke *Italian*,
Or doe the lofty *Spaniard* affect,
(To ſhew their skill in forain Dialect)
Prove not themſelves ſo unnaturally wiſe,
They therefore ſhould their mother tongue deſpiſe
(As if her Poets, both for ſtile and wit
Not equall'd, nor not paſs'd their beſt that writ)
Untill by ſtudying *Iohnſon*, they have known
The height, and ſtrength, and plenty of their own.
Thus in what low earth, or neglected roome,
So ere thou ſleep'ſt, thy Book ſhall be thy Tombe;
Thou wilt go down a happy coorſe, beſtrew'd
With thine own flowers, and feel thy ſelf renew'd
Whilſt thy immortall, never-with'ring Bayes
Shall yearly flouriſh in thy Readers praiſe.
And when more ſpreading titles are forgot;
Or, ſpite of all their Lead and Seare-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and ſhrin'd in thine own ſheets wilt lie,
A Relique fam'd by all poſterity.

176. *A Mite to the Memory of that precious Poet Mr.* Francis Quarles.

To them that understand themselves so well,
As what, not who lies here, to ask, I'll tell,
What I conceive, envie dare not deny,
Far both from falshood, and from flattery.
Here drawn to land by death, doth lie
A vessell fitter for the skie,
Then *Iasons Argo*, though to *Greece*,
They say, it brought the Golden fleece.
The skillfull Pilot steer'd it so,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Through all the Seas of Poetry,
Whether they far or neare do ly,
And fraught it so with al the wealth,
Of wit and learning, not by stealth,
Or Piracy, but purchase got,
That this whole lower world could not
Richer commodities, or more,
Afford to adde unto his store.
To heaven then with an intent
Of new discoveries, he went,
And left his vessell here to rest
Till his return shall make it blest.
The bill of lading he that looks
To know, may find it in his books.

177. *To Death.*

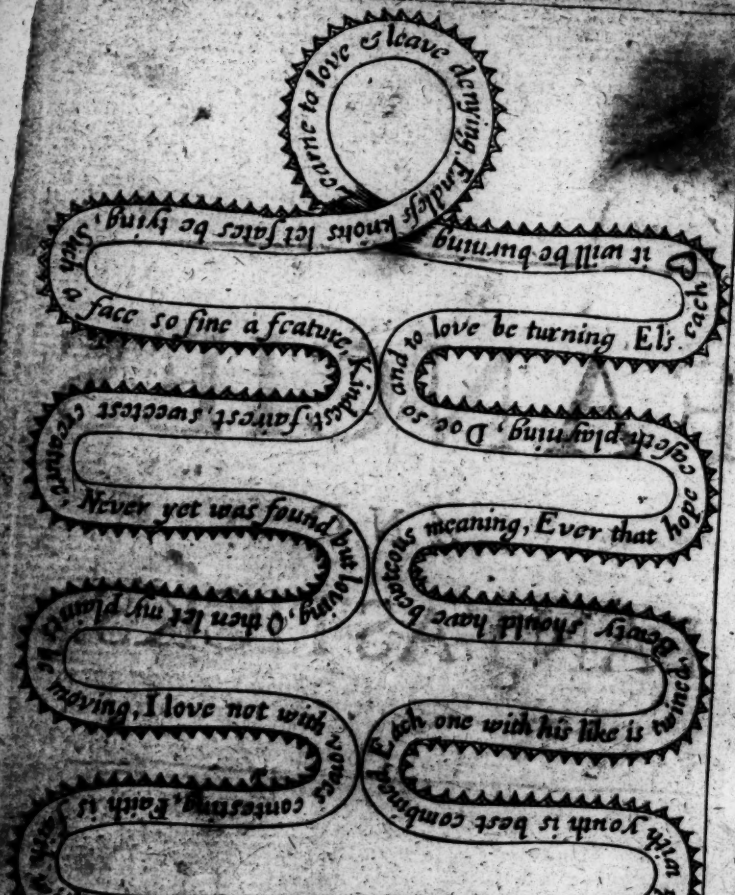
Death, art thou mad? or having loſt thine eyes,
Now throw'ſt thy dart at wild uncertainties?
Which hits thoſe men, who hadſt thou eyes or
Would challenge from thee mild obedience. (ſenſe
Their prudent looks gilt with Divinity,
Thy trembling hand would caſt thy dart away,
And grant the wearied Bells a holy day;
And thou griev'd for thy former crueltie,
Would'ſt to the world proclaime a Jubilee.
But thou art blind and deaf: yet one or two
At moſt, me thinks, had been enow
To ſatisfie thy bloudy tyranny.
But thou wouldſt fain rob poor mortality
Of all true worth, that men might be as baſe
As thou art, and the Devils of thy race.
Art thou coward grown? why didſt not dart
Thy ſpight at luſty youth? whoſe valiant heart
Would ſcorn thy fond Alarums, and would ſlight
Thy mighty malice, and thy puny might.
This had been fair enough; but thou goeſt further:
That had been but man-ſlaughter, this is murther;
To kill thoſe rich-ſoul'd men, who ſweetly doe
Whiſper unto their willing ſouls to goe.
But knowledge of thy weakneſſe, makes thee wiſe,
Thou ſeek'ſt not triumphs now, but ſacrifice.

Thy

Thy malice fools the too, thou hop'ſt they'd griev,
Becauſe they ſhould be forc'd behind to leave
Their honour'd worth; but (fond fool) they be
Now crown'd and cloath'd with immortalitie.
Nor ſhalt thou kill their fames; here we will raiſe
A Monument to them, ſhall out-laſt dayes;
Nor ſhall decay, untill the Trumpets call
The world to ſee thy long-wiſh'd Funerall:
Till then ſleep bleſt ſoules, freed from hopes and (feares,
Whilſt we do write your *Epitaphs* in tears.

FANCIES

FANCIES
AND
FANTASTICKS.


Cease to love & leave denying, Endlesse mones let fates be tying,
O it will be burning
Such a face so fine a feature, Kindest, purest, sweetest creature,
Never yet was found but loving, O then let my plaints be moving, I love not with voices contesting, Faith is without protesting,
Each one with his like is twined, Beauty should have beauties meaning, Ever that hope obtaining, Doe so
With youth is best combined, Youth
Time that all things doth inhearse, Readers each desert his merit,
Cease to love be turning Eies each

Ænigma.

AS often as I please it, changeth forme,
It is no Coward, though it doe no harme:
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feed;
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it need.
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh sound,
And once being lost, again 'tis never found.
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,
And a true pattern for a Serving-man.
'Tis born a Gyant, lives a Dwarfe, and nigh
Unto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

Another on the six Cases.

No. *Nan* was nominated for a W.
Gen. For that she had been *Genitive* before:
Da. Notice hereof was to the Justice given,
Acc. Who her accus'd, that she had loosly liven.
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Her Case was ill; yet will the question be,
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If V 2 I, as I 2 V am true,
I
V must lye, and V

Thoughts } c
Searching }

Valued } may B
Love —— }

Truth never ties
Too A fooleyy

If V2V have part

And

V bb

Y'ave 1. 2. many then I. C.
And R not worth

Write } QQ
I'le —— } not yours VV

Hand inhand ner flecting, Wrath like like a
the sinnes ỹ flameing rise
Through beauties sooth
TRUE Love is a pre
Hearts in one
faithles vowes perfidious
Two firme
Rich delight unvalu'd treasure,
Love for ver
witches,
Gramercy
one combineng Foe
Such
ue not for riches
Death to Gold enchaunting
is true loves
Two faire minds in
Boundles measure True love
Two glancing
meeting
Dead to
religious,
maze entwineing
previous pleasure
True love is a
educeing eyes
tious pleasure,

Est aliis servire tenetur
Iure qui
sum, servire necesse est
Iure tibi me
Te nulli cunctos
aut are videris
Qui cunctos hos laude
aut fero cunctis.

Thus Englished.

-ling is bound to serve his Mris. hands
An-
you & bound to do your high cõmands
I'm
None's you
you all are then
I'll praise you
other men.

A Riddle.

A begger once exceeding poore,
A penny pray'd me give him,
And deeply vow'd ne'r to ask more
And I ne'r more to give him,
Next day he begg'd again, I gave,
Yet both of us our oaths did ſave.

Another.

There was a man beſpake a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it, did refuſe it,
He that bought it, would not uſe it;
He that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

Another.

One evening, as cold as cold might be,
With Froſt and Snow, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a bed together;
Yet one after other they took heat,
And dy'd that night all in a ſweat.

One is myrth
Blisse in
Beginning ne ver ending,
Like a wilde
Moving, And is nev'r
Entring
Commending, Still
Measure still in
Spinge still togeather
Taking ever
Laughing
Doth still intangle
Kiss
Nsnaring in a rou
Bending,
Is love and worth
Lovinge
Thus is
Each partaking others blisses
Whose everie angle
More and more
Twyning
Out
Intrinsicall
Worth commendings
Praises
Exact

A doubtfull meaning.

The *Fæminina* kind is counted ill:
And is I ſweare: The contrary:
No man can find: That hurt they will:
But every where: Doe ſhow pitie:
To no kind heart; They will be curſt:
To all true friends: They will be truſtie:
In no part: They work the worſt:
With tongue and mind: But honeſtie:
They doe deteſt: Inconſtancy:
They doe embrace: Honeſt intent:
They like leaſt: Lewd fantaſie:
In every caſe; Are penitent:
At no ſeaſon: Doing amiſſe:
To it truly: Contrary:
To all reaſon: Subject and meek:
To no body: Malitious:
To friend or foe: Or gentle ſort:
They be never: Doing amiſſe:
In weale and woe: Of like report:
They be ever: Be ſure of this:
The *fæminine* kind: Shall have my heart:
Nothing at all: Falſe they will bee:
In word and mind: To ſuffer ſmart:
And ever ſhall: Believe you me.

2 A

That doth goe

That's rul'd by r.

Whose sayes no:

I'le try ere truſt
Ward leſt
my
Find ſlight regard.

The a whilst

2 Lovers

That

gazed me.

There was nor

nor loathsome

That might disturb or breakdelight,

Nor nor

in that same road,

And yet to me, they seem'd affright.

favour

Then them I told,

True love cannot be

bold.

These may be read two or three wayes.

Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
so faire	so smooth	so sharp
first drew	then mov'd	then knit
mine eye	mine eare	my heart
Mine eye	Mine eare	My heart
thus drawn	thus mov'd	thus knit
affects	hangs on	yeelds to
your face	your tongue	your wit

These may be read backward or forward.

Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, I doe defie,
Destroy me Death; fain would I die:
Forlorn am I, love is exil'd,
Scorn smiles thereat, hope is beguil'd:
Men banish'd blisse, in woe must dwell,
Then Joy, Mirth, Triumphs all farewell.

Ænigma.

AS often as I please it changeth forme,
It is no Coward, though it doe no harme:
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feed;
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it need.
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh sound,
And once being lost, again 'tis never found.
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,
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Her Case was ill; yet will the question be,
Being thus declin'd, in what a case was she?

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I
V must lye, and V, ——

Theſe may be read two or three wayes.

Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
ſo faire	ſo ſmooth	ſo ſharp
firſt drew	then mov'd	then knit
mine eye	mine eare	my heart
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Deſtroy me Death; fain would I die:
Forlorn am I, love is exil'd,
Scorn ſmiles thereat, hope is beguil'd:
Men baniſh'd bliſſe, in woe muſt dwell,
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I V must lye, and V, ——

Thoughts — } c
Searching }

Valued }
Love — } may B

Truth never ties
Too A foole yy

If V 2 V have part

And

V bb

Y'ave 1. 2. many then I. C.
And R not worth
Write } Q Q
I'le — } not yours V V

knot Love without cross
To those y never love but one
Love of many
such shall
be crost
true Lovers
Dane And
cross
cross
cross

A Loving Bargain.

Give me a kiſſe, I'll make that odde one even,
Then treble that ſame which you have given;
Be ſure I'll anſwer you, and if I miſſe,
Then take a thouſand forfeits for a kiſſe,
And a thouſand bee too few, than take more:
Kiſſe me with your kiſſes, make me poore:
When I am begger'd ſome hope will remain,
You will for pity give me ſome again.

A *Queſtion.*

Between two Suiters ſat a Lady faire,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did weare:
And of the enamoured two, the firſt alone,
A Garland wore like hers, the ſecond none;
From her own head ſhe took the wreath ſhe wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before.
And then mark this, their brows were both about
Beſet with Garlands, and ſhe ſate without:
Beholding now theſe Rivalls on each ſide
Of her thus plac'd and deck'd with equall pride:
She from the firſt mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brow ſhe clad

And then (not this) ſhe and the ſecond were
With Garlands deck'd; and the firſt man ſate bare.
Now, which did ſhe love beſt? of him to whom
She gave the wreath, or him ſhe took it from?

The Anſwer.

In my conceit, ſhe would him ſooneſt have,
From whom ſhe took, not him to whom ſhe gave.
For to beſtow, many reſpects may move:
But to receive, none can perſwade but love.
Shee grac'd him much on whom the wreath ſhee plac'd;
But him whoſe wreath ſhe wore, ſhe much more grac'd.
For where ſhe gives, ſhe there a ſervant makes,
But makes her ſelf a Servant where ſhe takes.
Then where ſhe takes, ſhe honours moſt: & where
Shee doth moſt honour, ſhe moſt love doth bear.

An Incomparable kiſſe.

Give me a Kiſſe from thoſe ſweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoying mine,
Another yet, nay yet another,
And let the firſt Kiſſe be the ſeconds brother.
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more;
And then repeat thoſe that have gone before;

Let us begin while day-light ſprings in heav'n
And kiſſe till night deſcends into the Ev'n,
And when that modeſt Secretary, Night,
Diſcolours all but thy heav'n-beaming bright,
We will begin Revels of hidden love,
In that ſweet Orbe where ſilent pleaſures move.
In high, new ſtrains, unſpeakable delight,
We'll vent the dull houres of the ſilent night.
Were the bright day no more to viſit us,
O then for ever would I hold thee thus,
Naked, inchain'd, empty of idle feare,
As the firſt lovers in the Garden were.
I'll dye betwixt thy breaſts that are ſo white,
For, to dye there, would do a man delight.
Embrace me ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being dead we ſhall embrace no more.
Let us kiſſe faſter than the houres do flye,
Long live each kiſſe, and never know to dye.
Yet if that fade, and fly away too faſt,
Impreſſe another, and renew the laſt;
Let us vie kiſſes, 'till our eye-lids cover,
And if I ſleep, count me an idle Lover,
Admit I ſleep, I'll ſtill purſue the Theame,
And eagerly I'll kiſſe thee in a dreame.
O give me way; grant love to me thy friend,
Did hundred thouſand Suiters all contend
For thy Virginity, there's none ſhall wooe
With heart ſo firm as mine; none better doe

Then

Then I with your ſweet-ſweetneſſe; if you doubt,
Pierce with your eyes my heart, or pluck it out.

To his Miſtreſſe.

Deareſt, thy twin'd haires are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I hold
Thy lips for Rubies, not thy cheeks to be
Freſh Roſes; nor thy Dugs of Ivory.
The skin that doth thy dainty body ſheath,
Not Alablaſter is; nor doſt thou breath
Arabian odours; theſe the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth;
Such then are other miſtreſſes; but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

The Anſwer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth ſure in thy love;
Sith heavenly bodies with each one,
Concur in generation;
And wanting gravity are light,
Or in a borrowed luſtre bright;
If meteors and each falling ſtarre,
Of heavenly matter framed are,
Earth hath thy Miſtreſſe, but ſure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.

To his Mistresse.

I love, because it comes to me by kind;
And much, because it much delights my mind:
And thee, because thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, because of thy desert:
I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone,
By kind, mind, heart and every one.

Her answer.

Thou lov'st not, because thou art unkind,
Nor much, 'cause it delighteth not thy mind:
Nor me, because I am not in thy heart:
Nor me alone, because I want desert:
Thou lov'st nor much, nor me, nor me alone,
By kind, mind, heart, desert, nor any one.

Clownish Courtship.

Excellent Mistresse, brighter than the Moon,
Then scoured Pewter, or the Silver-spoon,
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the morning Starre;
Dainty fair Mistresse, by my troth you are
As far excelling *Diana* and her Nymphs,
As lobsters craw fish, and as crawfish shrimps:

Thine

Thine eyes like Diamonds, do ſhine moſt clearly,
As I'm an honeſt Man, I love thee dearly.

A *Compariſon.*

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting ſnaile,
Or like a Squirrel pent-hous'd under his taile,
Even ſuch is my Miſtreſſe face in a vaile:
Or like to a Carp that's ſoft in mudding,
Nay, more like to a black-pudding:
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtreſſe beauty in a taffity gin.

A *Queſtion.*

Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*,
Tell me but that, 'tis all I crave;
I ſhall not need to be alone,
If ſuch a lovely mate I have;
That thou art one, who can deny?
And all will grant that I am I,
If I be I, and thou art one,
Tell me (Sweet heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone.*

The answer.

I tell you sir, and tell you true,
That I am *I*, and I am *one*,
So can I spell *Jone* without you,
And spelling so, can lye alone:
My eye to one is consonant,
But as for yours it is not so;
If that your eye agreement want,
I to your eye must answer no;
Therefore leave off your loving plea
And let your I be I *per se*.

Loves prime.

Deare Love, do not your fair beauty wrong
With thinking still you are too young,
The Rose and Lilly in your cheek
Do flourish, and no ripening seek:
Those flaming beams shot from your eye,
Do show Loves Midsummer is nigh.
Your cherry-lip, red, soft and sweet,
Proclaime such fruit for taste is meet:
Then lose no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

Another to his Miſtreſſe.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thy owne,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

Another.

Sweeteſt fair be not too cruell,
Blot not beauty with diſdain,
Let not thoſe bright eyes adde fewell
To a burning heart in vain;
Leſt men juſtly when I dye,
Deem you the Candle, me the Flye.

Another.

I cannot pray you in a ſtudyed ſtile,
Nor ſpeak words diſtant from my heart a mile;
I cannot viſit Hide-Park every day,
And with a Hackney court my time away;
I cannot ſpaniolize it week by week,
Or wait a moneth to kiſſe your hand or cheek;

If when you'r lov'd, you cannot love again,
Why, doe but ſay ſo, I am out of pain.

Excuſe for abſence.

You'll ask perhaps wherefore I ſtay,
(Loving ſo much,) ſo long away?
I doe not think 'twas I did part,
It was my body, not my heart:
For like a Compaſſe in your love,
One foot was fix't, and cannot move,
Th'other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy fortune, but cannot ſlide
Beyond your ſervice, nor will venter
To wander far from you the Center.

To a fair, but unkind Miſtreſſe.

I prethee turn that face away,
Whoſe ſplendor but benights my day;
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shun the bright rayes that beauty darts;
Unwelcome is the Sunne that pries
Into thoſe ſhades where ſorrow lies,
Goe ſhine on happy things, to me
The bleſſing is a miſery;
For your bright Sun, not warms, but burnes,
Like that the Indian booty turnes.

I'll ſerve the night, and there confin'd
Wiſh thee leſſe faire, or elſe more kind.

To himſelfe.

Retreat ſad heart, breed not thy further pain;
Admire, but fonder thoughts ſeek to refraine.

To ſome Ladies.

Ladies, you that ſeem ſo nice,
And in ſhow as cold as ice,
And perhaps have held out thrice,
Do not think, but in a trice,
One or other may entice;
And at laſt by ſome device,
Set your honour at a price.

You whoſe ſmoth and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet inſult not, ſparkes within
Slowly burn e'r flames begin,
And preſumption ſtill hath bin
Held a moſt notorious ſin.

A heart lost.

Good folk, for love or hire,
But help me to a Cryer,
For my poor heart is gone astray
After two eyes that went that way.
Oyes! if there be any man
In town or country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll pay him for his pain.
And by these marks I will you show,
That onely I this heart doe ow:
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart,
Every part sore hurt throughout:
Faith and troth writ round about.
It is a tame heart and a dear,
That never us'd to roame,
But having got a haunt, I feare
Will never stay at home.
For love-sake walking by this way,
If you this heart doe see;
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it home to me.

The ſad Lover.

Why ſhould I wrong my judgment ſo,
As for to love where I doe know
There is no hold for to be taken?

For what her wiſh thirſts after moſt,
If once of it her heart can boaſt,
Straight by her folly 'tis forſaken.

Thus while I ſtill purſue in vaine,
Me thinks I turn a child again,
And of my ſhadow am a chaſing.

For all her favours are to me
Like apparitions which I ſee,
But never can come near th'embracing.

Oft had I wiſh'd that there had been
Some Almanack whereby to have ſeen,
When love with her had been in ſeaſon.

But I perceive there is no art
Can find the Epact of the heart,
That loves by chance, and not by reaſon.

Yet will I not for this deſpaire,
For time her humor may prepare
To grace him who is now neglected

And what unto my conſtancie
Shee now denies: one day may be
From her inconſtancy expected.

A Watch ſent to a Gentlewoman.

Goe and count her happy houres,
They more happy are then ours:
That day that gets her any bliſſe,
Make it twice as long as 'tis:
The houre ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine Art increas'd to thee:
But if ſhe frown on thee or mee,
Know night is made by her, not thee:
Be ſwift in ſuch an houre, and ſoon
Make it night, though it be noon:
Obey her time, who is the free,
Faire ſun that governs thee and mee.

On a Fairing.

Let them whole heart diſtruſts a Miſtreſſe faith,
Bribe it with gifts: mine no ſuſpition hath:
It were a ſin of as much ſtaine in mee,
To think you falſe, as ſo my ſelf to be.
If to reward that thou haſt expreſt,
Thou doſt expect a preſent: 'tis confeſt

'Twere juſtice from another, but I am
So poore, I have not left my ſelf a name
In ſubſtance, not made thine by gift before:
He that beſtowes his heart, can give no more.
If thou would have a fairing from me, then
Give me my ſelfe back, I'll give it thee agen.

Wee are agreed
In time to ſpeed;
I truſt in time
Thou wilt be mine.

Though time us tarry,
Yet we'll not vary.
Hearts of mettle
In time may ſettle.

Though time do ſlide,
Yet in true love abide.
Nought ſo ſweet,
As when we greet.
Thy affection,
My perfection.

True Beauty.

May I finde a woman faire,
And her mind as clear as air,
If her beauty goe alone,
'Tis to mee, as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch:
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falshood not disguise;
Hath she wit, as she hath will?
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I finde a woman true,
There's is beauties fairest hue;
There is beauty, love and wit,
Happy he can compasse it.

Choyce of a Mistresse.

Not that I wish my Mistris
More or lesse than what she is,
write I these lines, for 'tis too late
Rules to prescribe unto my fate.

But yet as tender stomachs call
For some choice meat, that bears not all:
A queazie lover may impart,
What Mistresse 'tis that please his heart.

First I would have her richly spred
With natures blossomes white and red;
For flaming hearts will quickly dye,
That have not fewell from the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,
Except some treasure lies within;
For where the spoile's not worth the stay,
Men raise their siege and goe away.

I'd have her wise enough to know
When, and to whom a grace to show:
For she that doth at randome chuse,
She will as soon her choice refuse.

And yet me thinks I'd have her mind
To flowing courteſie inclin'd:
And tender hearted as a maid,
Yet pity onely when I pray'd.

And I would wiſh her true to be,
(Miſtake me not) I meane to me;
She that loves me, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdome o'r and o'r.

And I could wiſh her full of wit,
Knew ſhee how for to huſwife it:
But ſhee whoſe wiſdome makes her dare
To try her wit, will ſell more ware.

Some other things, delight will bring,
As if ſhe dances, play, and ſing.
So they be ſafe, what though her parts
Catch ten thouſand forain hearts.

But let me ſee, ſhould ſhe be proud,
A little pride ſhould be allow'd.
Each amorous boy will ſport and prate
Too freely, where he finds not ſtate.

I care not much though ſhe let down
Sometime a chiding, or a frown.

But

But if ſhe wholly quench deſire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire.

To ſmile, to toy, is not amiſſe,
Sometimes to interpoſe a kiſſe;
But not to cloy; ſweet things are good,
Pleaſant for ſawce, but not for food.

Wiſhes to his ſuppoſed Miſtreſſe.

Who e'r ſhe be,
That is the onely ſhee,
That ſhall command my heart and mee;

Might you hear my wiſhes
Beſpeak her to my bliſſes,
And be call'd my abſent kiſſes.

I wiſh her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gawdy tire, or ſome ſuch folly.

A face that's bleſt,
By its own beauty dreſt,
And can alone command the reſt.

Joyes that confeſſe
Vertue her Miſtreſſe,
And have no other head to dreſſe.

Life that dares ſend
A challenge to his end,
And when it's come, ſay, Welcome friend.

I wiſh her ſtore
Of wealth may leave her poore
Of wiſhes; and I wiſh no more.

Now if time knows,
That her whoſe radiant browes,
Weave them a Garland of my woes;

Her that dare bee,
What theſe lines wiſh to ſee,
I ſeek no further, it is ſhee.

Let her full glory,
(My fancies) fly before ye
Be my fiction, but her my ſtory.

To a Lady.

Madam,
Should I not ſmother this ambitious fire,
Which actuates my verſe: it would aſpire
To blear your vertues in a glimm'ring line,
And your perfections in its meaſures twine.
But I have check'd my fancie Muſe, nor dares
Dull Poetry attempt to ſcan the ſpheares,
Or in a cloudy rime invaile the light,
Or court the trembling Watchmen of the night;
Some vulgar vertue, or a ſingle blaze
Might ſtand in verſe, and would endure a gaze:
But when both Art and Nature ſhall agree
To ſumme them all in one Epitome:
When the perfections of both ſexes are
Lock'd in one female ſtore-houſe; who ſhall dare
In an audacious rapture to intwine
Into looſe numbers, what heaven doth enſhrine
In one rich breaſt? Dazled invention ſay,
Canſt thou embowell either *India*
In one poore rime? Or can thy torch-light fire
Shew us the Sunne, or any Star that's higher?
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame,
Doe it in admiration: but diſclaime

Thy power to praiſe: thy ſenders wiſhes, beare,
And be the Herauld of the new-born yeare:
Wiſh that each riſing Sunne, may ſee her more
Happy, then when he roſe the morne before;
And may, when e'r he gilds the envious Weſt,
Leave her more bleſt, then when he grac'd the feaſt
Wiſh higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues: Poetry
Thou art too low; canſt thou not ſwell a ſtraine
May reach my thoughts? good Madam ſince 'tis vain,)
(And yet my verſe to kiſſe your hand preſum'd)
Let it to be your ſacrifice be doom'd:
And what it wants in true Poetique fire,
Let the flame adde, till ſo my Muſe expire.

An Eccho.

Come Eccho I thee ſummon,
Tell me truly what is Woman.
If worne, ſhe is a feather,
If woo'd ſhe's froſty weather;
If worn, the winde not ſlighter;
If weigh'd, the Moone's not lighter:
If laine withall, ſhe's apiſh:
If not laine with, ſhe's ſnappiſh:

Come

Come Eccho I thee summon,
Tell me once more what is woman.
If faire, she's coy in courting,
If witty, loose in sporting,
If ready, she's but cloathing,
If naked, she's just nothing,
If not belov'd, she horns thee;
If lov'd too well, shee scorns thee.
The Eccho still replyed,
But still me thought shee lyed.

Then for my Mistresse sake,
I againe reply did make.
If worn, she is a jewell,
If woo'd she is not cruell,
If wonne, no rock is surer,
If weigh'd, no gold is purer,
If laine withall, delicious;
If not, yet no way vitious.
False Eccho go, you lie,
See your errours I discrie.

And for the second summon I
This for woman do reply.
If faire, she's heavenly treasure,
If witty, she's all pleasure,
If ready, she is quainteſt.
If not ready, she's daintiest,
If lov'd, her heart she spares not,
If not belov'd, she cares not.

False eccho, go you lie,
See, your errors I descry.

To Fortune.

Since Fortune thou art become so kind,
To give me leave to take my mind,
Of all thy store.
First it is needfull that I finde
Good meat and drink of every kinde;
I ask no more.
And then that I may well digest
Each severall morsell of the feast:
See thou my store.
To ease the care within my breast,
With a thousand pound at least:
I aske no more.
A well born and a pleasing Dame,
Full of beauty, void of shame;
Let her have store.
Of wealth, discretion and good fame,
And able to appease my flame.
I ask no more.
Yet one thing more do not forget,
Afore that I doe doe this feat,
Forgot before;

That

That ſhe a Virgin be, and neat,
Of whom two ſonnes I may beget;
I aske no more.
Let them be Barons, and impart
To each a million for his part;
I thee implore.
That when I long life have led,
I may have heaven when I am dead:
I ask no more.

A Dialogue between Icarus, *and ſurprized* Phillida.

Phil. Prettee Sweet-one look on me,
Faine I would thy captive be,
Bound by thee is *Libertie.*

Icar. Be not ſo unkindly wiſe,
For your looks will bribe my eyes,
To divulge where my heart lyes.

Phil. If they doe, thou need'ſt not feare,
By my innocence I ſweare,
I'll but place another there.

Icar. That's my feare, I dare not prove,
Nor my reſolution move,
'Cauſe I know you are in love.

Phil. Lov'd *Icarus*, and if I bee,
I know it cannot injure thee:
Love and beautie will agree.

Icar. Oh you doe my hearing wrong,
I have turn'd my eyes thus long
To be captiv'd by your tongue.

Phil. Then my houres are happy ſpent,
If my tongue give ſuch content,
It ſhall be thy *Inſtrument*.

Icar. But be ſure, you uſe it then,
Thus unto no other men,
Leſt that I grow deafe agen.

Fidelius *and his ſilent Mrs.* Flora.

Fid. My deareſt *Flora* can you love me?
Flo. Prethee prove me.
Fid. Shall I have your hand to kiſſe?
Flo. Yes, yes.
Fid. On this whiteneſſe let me ſweare,
Flo. No, pray forbeare.
Fid. I love you dearer then mine eyes.
Flo. Be wiſe.

Fid.

Fid. I prize no happineſſe like you.
Flo. Will you be true?
Fid. As is the Turtle to her Mate.
Flo. I hate.
Fid. Who my divineſt *Flora*, me?
Flo. No, flattery.
Fid. He that flatters, may he die.
Flo. Perpetually.
Fid. And his black urne be the cell,
Flo. Where Furies dwell.
Fid. May his name be blaſphemous,
Flo. To us.
Fid. His memory for ever rot;
Flo. And be forgot.
Fid. Leſt it keep our age and youth,
Flo. From love and truth.
Fid. Thus upon your Virgin hand,
Flo. Your vows ſhall ſtand.
Fid. This kiſſe confirmes my act and deed.
Flo. You may exceed.
Fid. Your hand, your lip, I'll vow on both;
Flo. A dangerous oath.
Fid. My reſolution ne'r ſhall ſtart;
Flo. You have my heart.

A *Sonnet.*

Who can define, this all things, nothing love,
Which hath ſo much of every thing in it?
Which watry, with the Planets oft doth move,
And with the Zoane it hath a fiery fit;
Oft ſeizes men, like maſſy ſtupid earth,
And with the Aire, it filleth every place;
Which had no Midwife, nor I think no birth,
No ſhrine, no arrows, but a womans face.
A God he is not, for he is unjuſt;
A Boy he is not, for he hath more power;
A Faction 'tis not, all will yeeld I truſt;
What is it then, that is ſo ſweetly ſower?
No law ſo wiſe, that can his abſence prove;
But (ah) I know there is a thing call'd *Love.*

A *Love-ſicke-Sonnet.*

Love is a Sickneſſe full of woes,
All remedies refuſing:
A Plant that with moſt cutting grows,
Moſt barren with beſt uſing.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries
Hey ho!

Love is a torment of the minde,
A tempeſt everlaſting;
And *Jove* hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries
Hey ho!

A Queſtion.

Fain would I learn of men the reaſon why
They ſweare they die for love, yet lowly ly?
Or why they fondly dote on, and admire
A painted face, or a fantaſtick tyre.
For while ſuch Idols they fall down before,
They prove more fools then thoſe they thus a-
(dore)

Anſwer.

The reaſon why men loving lowly ly;
Is hope to gain their purpoſes thereby.
And that they fondly dote on paint and tires;
'Tis juſt in love, to ſhew mens fond deſires.
And for the reſt, this have I heard from Schools
That love, makes fooliſh wiſe, & wiſe men fools.

Sighs.

All night I muſe, all day I cry,
Ay me.
Yet ſtill I wiſh, though ſtill deny.
Ay me.
I ſigh, I mourne, and ſay that ſtill,
I onely live my joyes to kill.
Ay me.
I feed the pain that on me feeds,
Ay me.
My wound I ſtop not, though it bleeds;
Ay me.
Heart be content, it muſt be ſo,
For ſprings were made to overflow.
Ay me.
Then ſigh and weepe, and mourne thy fill,
Ay me.
Seek no redreſſe, but languiſh ſtill.
Ay me.
Their griefes more willing they endure,
That know when they are paſt recure.
Ay me.

Love-ſicke.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love whoſe month was ever *May*,
Spy'd a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire;
Through the velvet leaves the winde
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage finde,
That the Lover (ſick to death)
Wiſh'd himſelfe the heavens breath:
Aire (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow,
Aire, would I might triumph ſo;
But (alaſſe!) my hand hath ſworne,
Ne'r to pluck thee from thy Throne;
Vow (alack!) for Youth unmeet,
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet:
Thou for whom *Jove* would ſweare,
Juno but an *Æthiop* were;
And deny himſelfe for *Jove*,
Turning mortall for thy love.

To a proud Lady.

Is it birth puffs up thy mind?
Women beſt born, are beſt inclin'd.
Is it thy breeding? No, I ly'de;
Women well bred are foe to pride.

Is it thy beauty, fooliſh thing?
Lay by thy cloths, there's no ſuch thing.
Is it thy vertue? that's deny'd,
Vertue's an oppoſite to pride.
Nay, then walk on, I'll ſay no more,
Who made thee proud, can make thee poore.
The Devill onely hath the skill
To draw faire fools to this foule ill.

On Women.

Find me an end out in a ring,
Turne a ſtreame backwards to its ſpring,
Recover minutes paſt and gone,
Undoe what is already done,
Make heaven ſtand ſtill, make mountaines flie,
And teach a woman conſtancy.

An Apologetique Song.

Men if you love us, play no more
The fools, or Tyrants, with your friends,
To make us ſtill ſing o're and o're,
Our own falſe praiſes, for your ends.
We have both wits and fancies too,
And if we muſt, let's ſing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
If we would ſearch with care and pain,
Finde ſome one good, in ſome one man;
So going thorough all your ſtrain,
Wee ſhall at laſt of parcells make
One good enough for a Song ſake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious peece you ſee,
More pleaſure while the thing he makes,
Then when 'tis made; why, ſo will wee.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Canto.

Like to a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a Horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt and no gueſt bidden,
Like a well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhee be ſaid,
That lives, nor loves, but dies a maid.

The Ring if worne, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,

The

The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſt be bidden,
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck'd, is ſtill moſt worth:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Stock not graffed on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon,
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Bark without a fraight,
Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, nor loves, but dies a maid.

The graffed Stock doth beare beſt fruite,
There's Muſick in the finger'd Lute,
The weight doth make the Jack goe readie,
The fraight doth make the Bark goe ſteadie,
The Key the Lock doth open right,
A Candle's uſefull in the night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Call without a Non-ſir,
Or a Queſtion without an Anſwer,

Like

Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd;
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing not long preferr'd.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhee bee ſaid,
That lives, nor loves, but dies a maid.

The Non-ſir doth obey the Call,
The Queſtion Anſwer'd pleaſeth all,
Who rigs a Ship ſailes with the winde,
Who digs a Mine doth treaſure finde,
The Wound by wholſome Tent hath eaſe,
The Box perfum'd the ſenſes pleaſe:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries ere ſhe dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendations and no Token,
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moone, and no Man in it;
Like a Schoole without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhee bee ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The Token doth adorn the greet,

There's triumph in the fort being wonne,
The Man rides glorious in the Moone;
The Schoole is by the Teacher ſtill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd:
Like the Gold was never try'd,
Or the ground unoccupi'd;
Like a houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or the Book was never preſſed.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due ſeaſon prefers every thing,
The Gold that's try'd from droſſe is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd,
The Houſe is by poſſeſſion graced;
The Book when preſt, is then embraced.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, er ſhee dies.

A Diſſwaſive from Women.

Come away, doe not purſue
A ſhadow that will follow you.
Women lighter then a feather,
Got and loſt and altogether:
Such a creature may be thought,
Void of reaſon, a thing of nought.

2.

Come away, let not thine eyes
Gaze upon their fopperies,
Nor thy better Genius dwell
Upon a ſubject known ſo well:
For whoſe folly at the firſt
Man and beaſt became accurſt.

3.

Come away, thou canſt not finde,
One of all that's faire and kinde,
Brighter be ſhee then the day,
Sweeter then a morne in *May*;
Yet her heart and tongue agrees
As we and the *Antipodes*.

4.

Come away, or if thou muſt
Stay a while: yet doe not truſt,
Nor her ſighs, nor what ſhe ſweares.
Say ſhee weep, ſuſpect her teares.

Though she seem to melt with passion,
'Tis old deceipt, but in new fashion.

5.

Come away, admit there bee
A naturall necessitie;
Doe not make thy selfe a slave,
For that which shee desires to have.
What shee will, or doe, or say,
Is meant the clean contrary way.

6.

Come away, or if to part
Soon from her, affects thy heart,
Follow on thy sports a while;
Laugh and kisse, and play a while:
Yet as thou lov'st me, trust her not,
Lest thou becom'st a—— I know what.

An Answer to it.

Stay, O stay, and still pursue,
Bid not such happinesse adue,
Know'st thou what a woman is?
An Image of Celestiall bliss.
Such a one is thought to be
The neareſt to Divinitie.

2.

Stay, O stay, how can thine eye
Feed on more felicitie?

Or thy better Genius dwell
On ſubjects that do this excell?
Had it not been for her at firſt,
Man and beaſt had liv'd accurſt.

3.

Stay, O ſtay, has not there been
Of Beauty, and of Love a Queen?
Does not ſweetneſſe terme a ſhee
Worthy its onely ſhrine to thee?
And where will vertue chuſe to lie,
If not in ſuch a Treaſurie?

5.

Stay, O ſtay, wouldſt thou live free?
Then ſeek a Nuptiall deſtinie:
'Tis not Natures bliſſe alone,
(She gives) but Heavens & that in one;
What ſhe ſhall, or doe, or ſay,
Never from truth ſhall goe aſtray.

6.

Stay, O ſtay, let not thine heart
Afflicted bee, unleſſe to part
Soone from her. Sport, kiſs and play
Whilſt no howers enrich the day:
And if thou doſt a Cuckold prove,
Impute it to thy want of love.

The Postscript.

Good Women are like Starres in darkest night,
Their vertuous actions shining as a light
To guide their ignorant sex, which oft times fall,
And falling oft, turns Diabolicall.
Good Women sure are Angels on the earth,
Of these good Angels we have had a dearth:
And therefore all you men that have good wives,
Respect their Vertues equall with your lives.

The Shepheards Holy day.
Mopſo *and* Marina.

Mop. Come *Marina* let's away,
For both Bride, and Bridegroome ſtay:
Fie for ſhame, are ſwains ſo long
Pinning of their head-geare on?

Prethee

Prethee ſee,
None but wee
'Mongſt the Swaines are left unready:
Fie- make haſt,
Bride is paſt,
Follow me, and I will lead thee.

Mar. On, my loving *Mopſus*, on,
I am ready, all is done
From my head unto my foot,
I am fitted each way too't;
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Beſt that all our Flocks doe render;
Hat of Straw,
Platted through,
Cherry lip, and middle ſlender.

Mop. And I think you will not find
Mopſus any whit behind,
For he loves as well to goe,
As moſt part of Shepheards doe.
Cap of browne,
Bottle-crowne,
With the legge I won at dancing,
And a pumpe,
Fit to jumpe,
When we Shepheards fall a prancing.

And

And I know there is a ſort,
Will be well provided for't,
For I heare, there will be there,
Livelieſt Swaines within the ſhiere:
Jetting *Gill*,
Jumping *Will*;
O'r the floore will have their meaſure:
Kit and *Kate*
There will waite,
Tib and *Tom* will take their pleaſure.

Mar. But I feare;
Mop. What doſt thou feare?
Mar. *Crowd* the Fidler is not there:
And my mind delighted is
With no ſtroke ſo much as his.
Mop. If not he,
There will bee
Drone the Piper that will trounce it.
Mar. But if *Crowd*
Struck alowd,
Lord me thinks how I could bounce it!

Mop. Bounce it *Mall* I hope thou will,
For I know that thou haſt skill;
And I am ſure, thou there ſhalt find
Meaſures ſtore to pleaſe thy mind.

Roun-

Roundelayes.
Iriſh hayes,
Cogs and Rongs, and Peggie Ramſy,
Spaniletto,
The Venetto,
John come kiſſe mee, Wilſons fancy.

Mar. But of all there's none ſo ſprightly
To my eare, as *Touch me lightly*;
For it's this we Shepheards love,
Being that which moſt doth move;
There, there, there,
To a haire;
O *Tim Crowd*, me thinks I heare thee,
Young nor old,
Ne'r could hold,
But muſt leake if they come neare thee.

Mop. Bluſh *Marina*, fie for ſhame,
Blemiſh not a Shepheards name;
Mar. *Mopſus*, why, is't ſuch a matter,
Maids to ſhew their yeelding nature?
O what then,
Be ye men,
That will heare your ſelves ſo forward,
When you find
Us inclin'd
To your bed and board ſo toward?

Mop. True indeed, the fault is ours,
Though we term it oft times yours.
Mar. What would Shepheards have us do,
But to yeeld when they doe woo?
And we yeeld
Them the field,
And endow them with their riches.
Mop. Yet we know
Oft times too,
You'll not ſtick to weare the *Breeches.*

Mar. Fools they'l deem them, that do hear them,
Say their wives are wont to weare them;
For I know, there's none has wit,
Can endure or ſuffer it;
But if they
Have no ſtay,
Nor diſcretion (as 'tis common)
Then they may
Give the ſway,
As is fitting, to the Woman.

Mop. All too long (deare Love) I ween,
Have we ſtood upon this Theame:
Let each Laſſe, as once it was,
Love her Swain, and Swain his Laſſe:
So ſhall wee
Honour'd bee,

In our mating, in our meeting,
While we ſtand
Hand in hand,
Honeſt Swainling, with his Sweeting.

Canto.

Let no Poet Critick in his Ale,
Now tax mee for a heedleſſe Tale,
For ere I have done, my honeſt *Ned*,
I'll bring my matter to a head.

The Brazen Head ſpeaks through the Noſe,
More Logick then the Colledge knowes:
Quick-ſilver Heads run over all,
But Dunces Heads keep *Leaden-Hall.*

A Quiriſters Head is made of aire,
A Head of wax becomes a Player,
So pliant 'tis to any ſhape,
A King, a Clowne, but ſtill an Ape.

A melancholy head it was,
That thought it ſelf a Venice glaſſe;
But when I ſee a drunken ſot,
Methinks his Head's a Chamberpot.

A Poets head is made of Match,
Burnt Sack is apt to make it catch;
Well may he grind his houſhold bread,
That hath a Wind-mill in his head.

There is the tongue of ignorance,
That hates the time it cannot dance;
Shew him deare wit in Verſe or Proſe,
It reeks like Brimſtone in his noſe;
But when his Granhams will is read,
O deare! (quoth he) and ſhakes his head.
French heads taught ours the gracefull ſhake,
They learn'd it in the laſt Earth-quake.

The head gentle makes mouths in ſtate,
At the Mechanick beaver pate.
The empty head of meer Eſquire,
Scornes wit; as born a title higher.
In *Capite* he holds his lands,
His wiſdome in Fee-ſimple ſtands.
Which he may call for, and be ſped,
Out of the Footmans running head.

The Saracens, nor Gorgons head,
Can look old ten in th'hundred dead.
But deaths head on his fingers ends,
Affliƈts him more then twenty fiends:
An *Oxford* Cook that is well read,
Knows how to dreſſe a Criticks head.

Take out the brains, and ſtew the noats,
O rare Calves-head for Pupills throats.

Prometheus would be puzled,
To make a new Projectors head:
He hath ſuch ſubtile turnes and nookes,
Such turne-pegs, mazes, tenter-hookes:
A trap-doore here, and there a vault,
Should you goe in, you'ld ſure be caught;
This head, if e'r the headſ-man ſtick,
Hee'll ſpoile the ſubtile politick.

Six heads there are will ne'r be ſeene,
The firſt a Maids paſt twice ſixteene:
The next is of an Unicorne,
Which when I ſee, I'll truſt his horne;
A Begger's in a beaver; And
A Gyant in a Pigmies hand;
A Coward in a Ladies lap,
A good man in a Fryers cap.

The Plurall head of multitude,
Will make good hodg-podge when 'tis ſtude;
Now I have done my honeſt *Ned*,
And brought my matter to a Head.

Interro-

Interrogativa Cantilena.

If all the World were Paper,
And all the Sea were Inke;
If all the Trees were bread and cheeſe,
How ſhould we doe for drinke?

If all the World were ſand'o,
Oh then what ſhould we lack'o;
If as they ſay there were no clay,
How ſhould we take Tobacco?

If all our veſſels ran'a,
If none but had a crack'a;
If Spaniſh Apes eat all the Grapes,
How ſhould we doe for Sack'a?

If Fryers had no bald pates,
Nor Nuns had no dark Cloyſters,
If all the Seas were Beanes and Peaſe,
How ſhould we doe for Oyſters?

If there had beene no projects,
Nor none that did great wrongs,
If Fiddlers ſhall turne Players all,
How ſhould we doe for ſongs?

If all things were eternall,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this ſhould be, then how ſhould we,
Here make an end of ſinging?

The ſeven Planets.

SATURNE diſeas'd with age, and left for dead;
Chang'd all his gold, to be involv'd in lead.

JOVE, *Juno* leaves, and loves to take his ranges;
From whom, man learnes to love, and loves to change.

JUNO checks *Iove*, that he to earth ſhould come,
Having her ſelf to ſport withall at home.

MARS is diſarmed, and is to *Venus* gon,
VVhere *Vulcans* Anvill muſt be ſtruck upon.

SOL ſees, yet 'cauſe he may not be allow'd,
To ſay he ſees, he hides him in a cloud.

VENUS tels *Vulcan*, *Mars* ſhall ſhooe her Steed,
For he it is that hits the naile o'th' head.

The Aery-nuntius ſly MERCURIUS,
Is ſtoln from Heaven to *Galobelgicus*.

LUNA is deemed chast, yet she's a sinner,
VVitnesse the man that she receives within her:
But that she's horn'd it cannot well be sed,
Since I ne'r heard that she was married.

The twelve Signes of the Zodiack.

Venus to *Mars*, and *Mars* to *Venus* came,
Venus contriv'd, and *Mars* confirm'd the same:
Ida, the place, the game what best did please,
VVhiles *Vulcan* found the Sunne in ARIES.

TAURUS, as it hath been alledg'd by some,
Is fled from *Neck and Throat* to roare at *Rome*.
But now the *Bull* is grown to such a rate,
The price has brought the *Bull* quite out of date.

CANCER the backward *Crab* is figur'd here
Or stomach, breast and ribs to domineere.
Eve on a rib was made, whence we may know,
VVomen from *Eve*, were Crab'd & backward too.

VIRGO the Phœnix signe (as all can tell yee)
Has regiment o'r bowells, and o'r belly.
But now since *Virgo* could not her belly tame,
Belly has forc'd *Virgo* to lose her name.

SCORPIO Serpent-like, moſt ſlily tenders,
What much ſeduceth men, his privie members:
Which mov'd our Grandam *Eve* give eare unto
That ſecret-member-patron *Scorpio.*

The goatiſh CAPRICORNE that us'd to preſſe
'Mongſt naked Mermaidens, now's faln on's knees,
Where creſt-faln too (poore Snake) he lies as low,
As thoſe on whom he did his hornes beſtow.

With arme in arme our GEMINI enwreath,
Their individuate parts in life and death:
The arms and ſhoulders ſway, O may I have
But two ſuch friends to have me to my grave.

LEO a Port-like Prelate now become,
Emperiouſly retires toth' Sea of *Rome*:
A Sea, and yet no Levant-ſea, for than
He were no *Leo*, but *Leviathan.*

LIBRA the reines, which we may juſtly call
A ſigne which Tradeſmen hate the worſt of all:
For ſhe implies even weights, but doe not look
To finde this ſigne in every Grocers-book.

If thou wouldſt pleaſe the laſſe that thou doſt mar-
The ſign muſt ever be in SAGITTARY: (ry,
Which

Which rules the thighs, an influence more comon,
Mongst Marmosites & Monkies, then some women

AQUARIUS (as I informed am)
Kept *Puddle-wharfe*, and was a Waterman,
But being one too honest for that kind,
He *row'd* to Heaven, and left those knaves behind.

PISCIS the fish is said to rule the feet, (sweat;
And Socks with all that keepe the feet from
One that purveyes provision enough,
Of *Ling*, *Poore-John*, and other Lenten stuffe.

The Welſhmans praiſe of Wales.

I's not come here to tauke of *Prut*,
From whence the *Welſe* dos take hur root;
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Camber*,
Whoſe linage woud fill full a Chamber,
Nor ſing the deeds of ould Saint *Davie*,
The Vrſip of which would fill a Navie.

But hark you me now, for a liddell tales
Sall make a gread deal to the creddit of *VVales*.
For hur will tudge your eares,
VVith the praise of hur thirteen Seers;
And make you as clad and merry,
As fourteen pot of Perry.

'Tis true, was weare him Sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have store of seize;
And Got is plenty of Coats milk
That sell him well, will buy him silk
Inough, to make him fine to quarrell
At *Herford* Sizes in new apparell;
And get him as much green Melmet perhap,
Sall give it a face to his Monouth Cap.
But then the ore of *Lemster*,
Py Got is uver a Sempster;
That when he is spun, or did
Yet match him with hir thrid.

Aull this the backs now, let us tell yee,
Of some provisions for the bellie:
As Cid and Goat, and great Goats mother,
And Runt, and Cow, and good Cows uther.
And once but tast on the VVelse Mutton;
Your *Englis* Seeps not worth a button.
And then for your Fis, sall shoose it your dis,
Look but about, and there is a Trout.

A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you ſix or ſeven;
As taull man as ever ſwagger
With *Welſe* Club, and long Dagger.

But aull this while, was never think
A word in praiſe of our *VVelſe* drink:
Yet for aull that, is a cup of *Bragat*,
Aull *England* Seer may caſt his Cap at.
And what you ſay to Ale of *VVebley*,
Toudge him as well, you'll praiſe him trebly,
As well as *Metheglin*, or *Syder*, or *Meath*,
S'all ſake it your dagger quite out o'the ſeath.
And Oate-cake of *Guarthenion*,
With a goodly Leeke, or Onion,
To give as ſweet a rellis
As e'r did Harper *Ellis*.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Muſicks wee doe miſs;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
Muſt aull come in, and tauk alowd,
As lowd as *Bangu*, *Davies* Bell,
Of which is no doubt you have here tell:
As well as our lowder *VVrexam* Organ,
And rumbling Rocks in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,
Where look but in the ground there,
And you ſall ſee a ſound there;

That put hur all to gedder,
Is ſweet as meaſure pedder.

Hur in Love.

A modeſt Shentle when hur ſee
The great laugh hur made on mee,
And fine wink that hur ſend
To hur come to ſee hur friend:
Her coud not ſtroſe py Got apove,
Put was entangle in hur love.
A hundred a time her was about
To ſpeak to hur, and lave hur out,
Put her being a *VVelſhman* porne,
And therefore was thinke, hur woud hur ſcorne:
Was feare hur think, nothing petter,
Then put hur love into a Letter;
Hoping he will no ceptions take
Unto her love, for Country ſake:
For ſay hur be *VVelſhman*, whad ten?
Py Got they all be Shent lemen.
Was decend from *Shoves* nown line,
Par humane, and par devine;
And from *Venus*, that faire Goddeſs,
And twenty other Shentle poddys:
Hector ſtout, and comely *Parris*,
Arthur, *Prute*, and King of *Fayris*,

Was hur nown Coſins all a kin,
We have the *Powells* iſſue in:
And for ought that hur con ſee,
As goot men, as other men pee:
But whot of that? Love is a knave,
Was make hur doe whot he woud have;
Was compell hur write the Rime,
That ne'r was writ before the time.
And if he will nod pity hur paine,
As Got ſhudge hur ſoule, ſall ne'r write againe:
For Love is like an Ague-fit,
VVas brin poore *Welſeman* out on hur wit:
Till by hur onſwer, hur doe know
VVhother hur do love hur, ai or no.
Hur has not pin in *Englond* lung,
And corna ſpeak the Englis tongue:
Put hur is hur friend, and ſo hur will prove,
Pray a ſend hur word, if hur con love.

On the Letter O.

Runne round my lines, whilſt I as roundly ſhow,
The birth, the worth, the extent of my round O.
That O which in the indigeſted Maſs
Did frame it ſelfe, when nothing framed was.
But when the worlds great maſſe it ſelf did ſhow,
In largeneſſe, fairneſſe, roundneſſe a great O.

The

The Heavens, the Element, a box of ○'s,
VVhere ſtill the greater doth the leſſe incloſe.
The imaginary center in ○'s made,
That ſpeck which in the world doth ſtand or fade
The Zodiack, Colures, and Equator line,
In Tropique and Meridian ○ did ſhine,
The lines of bredth, and lines of longitude,
Climate from Climate, doth by ○ ſeclude.
And in the Starry ſpangled sky the ○
Makes us the day from night diſtinctly know.
And by his motion, round as in a ring,
Light to himſelf, light to each ○ doth bring:
In each dayes journey, in his circle round,
The framing of an ○ by ſenſe is found.
The Moon hath to the ○'s frame moſt affection,
But the Sunne's envie grudgeth ſuch perfection.
Yet *Dian* hath each month, and every yeare,
Learned an ○'s frame in her front to beare.
And to requite *Sol*'s envie with the like,
VVith oft Eclipſes at his ○ doth ſtrike.
In our inferiour bodies there doth grow
Matter enough to ſhew the worth of ○.
Our braines and heart, either in ○ doth lye,
So that the neſt of ○'s the ſparkling eye.
The ribs in meeting, faſhion an ○'s frame,
The mouth and eare, the noſtrills beare the ſame.
The Latins honouring the chiefeſt parts,
Gloryed to make our ○ the heart of hearts;

Fron-

Fronting it with three words of deepeſt ſenſe,
Order, Opinion, and Obedience.
Oft have I ſeen a reverend dimmed eye,
By the help of ○ to read moſt legibly.
Each drop of rain that fals, each flower that grows
Each coine that's currant doth reſemble ○'s.
Into the water, if a ſtone we throw,
Marke how each circle joyns to make an ○.
Cut but an Orange, you ſhall eaſily find,
Yellow with white, and watery ○'s combin'd.
○ doth preſerve a trembling Conjurer,
Who from his circle ○ doth never ſtir.
○ from a full throat cryer, if it come,
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumbe.
The thundring Cannon from this dreadfull ○
Ruine to walls, and death to men doth throw.
○ utters woes, ○ doth expreſſe our joyes,
○ wonders ſhews, ○ riches, or ○ toyes.
And ○ ye women which do faſhions fall,
○ ruffe, ○ gorget, and ○ farthingall,
And ○ ye ſpangles, ○ ye golden ○'s
That art upon the rich embroydered throws.
Think not we mock, though our diſpleaſing pen
Sometime doth write, you bring an ○ to men.
'Tis no diſparagement to you ye know,
Since *Ops* the Gods great Grandame bears an ○;
Your ſexes glory (Fortune) though ſhe reele,
Is ever conſtant to her ○, her wheele.

And

And you Carroches through the ſtreet that glide,
By art of foure great ○'s do helpe you ride.
When tables full, and cups doe overflow,
Is not each cup, each ſalt, each diſh an ○ ?
What is't that dreadfull makes a Princes frowne,
But that his head beares golden ○ the Crowne?
Unhappy then th'Arithmetician, and
He that makes ○ a barren Cipher ſtand.
Let him know this, that we know in his place,
An ○ addes number, with a figures grace;
And that ○ which for Cipher he doth take,
One daſh may eaſily a thouſand make.
But ○ enough, I have done my reader wrong,
Mine ○ was round, and I have made it long.

Pure Nonſence.

When *Neptune*'s blaſts, and *Boreas* blazing ſtorms,
When *Tritons* pitchfork cut off *Vulcans* horns,
When *Folus* boyſt'rous ſun-beams grew ſo dark,
That *Mars* in Moon-ſhine could not hit the mark:
Then did I ſee the gloomy day of *Troy*,
When poore *Æneas* legleſſe ran away:
Who took the torrid Ocean in his hand,
And ſailed to them all the way by land:
An horrid ſight to ſee *Achilles* fall,
He brake his neck, yet had no hurt at all.

But

But being dead, and almoſt in a trance,
He threatned forty thouſand with his lance. (ſeen
Indeed 'twas like ſuch ſtrange ſights then were
An ugly, rough, black Monſter all in green.
That all about the white, blew, round, ſquare sky,
The fixed ſtarres hung by Geometry.
Juno amaz'd, and *Jove* ſurpriz'd with wonder,
Caus'd heaven to ſhake, and made the mountains
Which caus'd *Æneas* once again retire, (thunder.
Drown'd *Ætna's* hill, and burnt the ſea with fire.
Nilus for feare to ſee the Ocean burn,
Went ſtill on forward in a quick return.
Then was that broyle of *Agamemnon's* done,
When trembling *Ajax* to the battell come,
He ſtruck ſtark dead (they now are living ſtill)
Five hundred muſhrooms with his martiall bill.
Nor had himſelf eſcap'd, as ſome men ſay,
If he being dead, he had not run away.
O monſtrous, hideous troops of Dromidaries,
How Beares and Bulls from Monks and Goblins
Nay would not *Charon* yeeld to *Cerberus*, (varies
But catch'd the Dog, and cut his head off thus:
Pluto rag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with ire,
Sought all about, but could not find the fire:
But being found, well pleas'd, and in a ſpight
They ſlept at *Acheron*, and wak'd all night:
Where I let paſſe to tell their mad bravadoes,
Their meat was toſted cheeſe and carbonadoes.

Thouſands of Monſters more beſides there be
Which I faſt hoodwink'd, at that time did ſee;
And in a word to ſhut up this diſcourſe,
A Rugd-gowns ribs are good to ſpur a horſe.

A meſſe of Non-ſenſe.

Like to the tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſter clad in logick breeches,
Or like the gray freeze of a crimſon cat,
Or like a Moon-calfe in a ſlipſhooe-hat,
Or like a ſhadow when the Sunne is gon,
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon:
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touchſtone of a cabbage,
Or like a Crablouſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like th'abortive iſſue of a Fizle,
Or the bag-pudding of a plow-mans whiſtle,
Or like the fourſquare circle of a ring,
Or like the ſinging of Hey down a ding;
Even ſuch is man, who breathles, without doubt,
Spake to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.

Like to the green freſh fading Roſe,
Or like to rime or verſe that runs in proſe,

Or

Or like the Humbles of a Tinder-box,
Or like a man that's ſound, yes hath the Pox,
Or like a Hob-naile coyn'd in ſingle pence,
Or like the preſent preterperfect tenſe:
Even ſuch is man who dy'd, and then did laugh
To ſee ſuch ſtrong lines writ on's Epitaph.

An Encomium.

I ſing the praiſes of a Fart;
That I may do't by rules of Art,
I will invoke no Deity
But butter'd Peaſe and Furmity,
And think their helpe ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my intent.
For ſure I muſt not uſe high ſtraines
For feare it bluſter out in graines:
When *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,
And *Homers* Frogs ſtrive for the day;
There is no reaſon in my mind,
That a brave Fart ſhould come behind;
Since that you may it parallell
With any thing that doth excell:
Muſick is but a fart that's ſent
From the guts of an inſtrument:
The Scholler but farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his brains.

And when he has spent much pain and oile,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile;
And to learn the abstracting Art,
What does he get by't? not a fart.
The Souldier makes his foes to run
With but the farting of a Gun;
That's if he make the bullet whistle,
Else 'tis no better then a Fizle:
And if withall the winds doe stirre up
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
They are but farts, the words we say,
Words are but winde, and so are they.
Applause is but a fart, the crude
Blast of the fickle multitude.
Five boats that lie the *Thames* about,
Be but farts severall Docks let out.
Some of our projects were, I think,
But politick farts, foh how they stink!
As soone as born, they by and by,
Fart-like but onely breathe, and dy.
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in taile, and let them both:
Onely the difference here is, that
Farts are let at a lower rate.
I'll say no more, for this is right,
That for my Guts I cannot write,
Though I should study all my dayes,
Rimes that are worth the thing I praise.

What

What I have ſaid take in good part,
If not, I doe not care a fart.

The Bearbards.

Though it may ſeem rude
For me to intrude,
With theſe my Beares by chance-a;
'Twere ſport for a King,

If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a,

Then to put you out
Of feare or doubt,
He came from St. *Katherine*-a.
These dancing three,
By the help of mee,
Who am the post of the Signe-a.

We sell good ware,
And we need not care,
Though Court and Countrey knew it;
Our Ale's o'th best:
And each good guest
Prayes for their soules that brew it.

For any Alehouse,
We care not a louse,
Nor Tavern in all the Town-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. *Clement Danes*,
Nor the *Devill* can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes hither agen,
The liquor is so mightie.
Beere strong and stale,

And ſo is our Ale;
And it burns like Aqua-vitæ.

To a ſtranger there,
If any appeare,
Where never before he has bin;
We ſhew th'Iron gate,
The wheele of St. *Kate*,
And the place where they firſt fell in.

The wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our tapping,
And ſtill our Ale deſire;
And there ſit and drink,
Till they ſpue and ſtink,
And often piſſe out the fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They ſit and never grudge it;
Till the Fiſh-wives joyne
Their ſingle coyne,
And the Tinker pawns his budget.

If their braines be not well,
Or bladders doe ſwell,
To eaſe them of their burden;
My Lady will come

With a bowl and a broom,
And their handmaid with a Jourden.

From Court we invite,
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentleman, Yeoman, and Groom.
And all our ſtiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the Beggers ſhall give ye room.

If you give not credit,
Then take you the verdict,
Of a gueſt that came from St. *Hallows*;
And you then will ſweare,
The Man has been there,
By his ſtory now that follows.

The Good Fellow.

When ſhall we meet again to have a taſt
Of that tranſcendent Ale we drank of laſt,
What wild ingredient did the woman choſe
To make her drink withall? it made me loſe
My wit, before I quench'd my thirſt; there came
Such whimſies in my brain, and ſuch a flame
Of fiery drunkenneſſe had ſing'd my noſe,
My beard ſhrunk in for feare; there were of thoſe
That

That took me for a Comet, ſome afar
Diſtant remote, thought me a blazing ſtar,
The earth me thought, juſt as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling courſe of merriment.
My head was ever drooping, and my noſe
Offering to be a ſuiter to my toes.
My pock-hole face, they ſay, appear'd to ſome,
Juſt like a dry and burning hony-combe:
My tongue did ſwim in Ale, and joy'd to boaſt
It ſelfe a greater ſeaman then the toaſt.
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whiſper in mine eare.
My guts were mines of ſulphure, and my ſet
Of parched teeth, ſtruck fire as they met.
Nay, when I piſt, my urine was ſo hot,
It burnt a hole quite through the chamber-pot:
Each Brewer that I met, I kiſs'd, and made
Suit to be bound apprentice to the Trade:
One did approve the motion, when he ſaw,
That my own legs could my indentures draw.
Well Sir, I grew ſtark mad, as you may ſee
By this adventure upon Poetry.
You eaſily may gueſſe, I am not quite
Grown ſober yet, by theſe weak lines I write:
Onely I do't for this, to let you ſee,
Whos'ere paid for the Ale, I'm ſure paid me.

Canto

Canto, *in the praiſe of Sack.*

Liſten all I pray, to the words I have to ſay,
In memory ſure inſert um:
Rich wines doe us raiſe to the honour of bayes,
Quem non fecere diſertum?

Of all the juice, which the Gods produce,
Sack ſhall be preferr'd before them;
'Tis Sack that ſhall create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all Ale, and Beere that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable hum:
But we will rack in the praiſe of Sack,
'Gainſt *Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine, which in former time,
Each wiſe one of the Magi
Was wont to carouſe in a frolick houſe,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane, & a rope be their ſhame,
Let the gout and collick pine 'um,
That offer to ſhrink, in taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, ſive Latinum.

Let the glaſſe goe round, let the quart-pot ſound,
Let each one doe as hee's done to:
Avaunt ye that hugge the abominable Jugge,
'Mongſt us *Heteroclita ſunto.*

There's no ſuch diſeaſe, as he that doth pleaſe
His palate with Beere for to ſhame us:
'Tis Sack makes us ſing, hey down a down ding,
Muſæ paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute, or doth poorly diſpute,
That drinks ought elſe but wine O,
The more wine a man drinks, like a ſubtile Sphinx
Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis true, our ſouls, by the lowſie bowles
Of Beere that doth nought but ſwill us,
Do go into ſwine, (*Pythagoras* 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutaſtis & illos.

VVhen I've Sack in my brain, I'm in a merry vain,
And this to me a bliſſe is:
Him that is wiſe, I can juſtly deſpiſe:
Mecum confertur Ulyſſes!

How it chears the brains, how it warms the vains,
How againſt all croſſes it arms us!

How

How it makes him that's poor, couragiouſly roar,
Et mutat as dicere formas.

Give me the boy, my delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his *tale*:
By Sack he that waxes in our Syntaxes,
Eſt verbum perſonale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy wits to blame?
Call for Sack, and thou ſhalt have it,
'Twill make thee riſe, and be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick rounds, we have merry go downs
Yet nothing is done at randome,
For when we are to pay, we club and away,
Ideſt commune notandum.

The blades that want caſh, have credit for craſh,
They'll have Sack whatever it coſt um,
They do not pay, till another day,
Manet alta mente repoſtum.

Who ne'r fails to drink, all cleare from the brink,
With a ſmooth and even ſwallow,
I'll offer at his ſhrine, and call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill, and never hath his fill,
Hath a paſſage like a conduit,
The Sack doth inſpire, in rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaffe, if any doe off,
And then from you needs will paſſe the,
Give their noſe a twitch, & kick them in the britch,
Nam componuntur ab aſſe.

I have told you plain, and tell you again,
Be he furious as *Orlando*,
He is an aſſe, that from hence doth paſſe,
Niſi bibit ad oſtia ſtando.

The Vertue of Sack.

Fetch me *Ben. Johnſons* ſoul, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly ſiſters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no ſin to be as drunk as hee:
If there bee any weakneſſe in the wine,
There's vertue in the Cup to make't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does taſt too much
Of earth, the Mault retains a ſcurvie touch
Of the dull hand that ſows it, and I feare
There's hereſie in hops; give *Browniſts* beere,

And

And ſilly *Anabaptiſts*, ſuch as thinke
There's powder-treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink,
Call Sack an Idoll; we will kiſſe the cup,
For feare the Conventicle be blown up
With ſuperſtition; away with Brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is ſix ſhillings beere, & qualms.
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the ſoule with heavenly fire.
Thou that ſublim'ſt the Genius-making wit,
Scorn earth, and ſuch as love, or live by it.
Thou mak'ſt us Lords of Regions large and fair,
Whilſt our conceits build Caſtles in the air:
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours bee,
Henceforth I'll know no element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixar* of all Grapes,
Welcome by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes.
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks,
And doe eſteeme my venerable ſelfe
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelfe
Were ſure mine own, and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it, I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
And change the gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And ſo by conſequence till rich *Spaines* wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine:

And

And when my brains are once afoot (heaven bleſſe
I think my ſelf a better man then *Cræſus*. (us!)
And now I doe conceit my ſelf a Judge,
And coughing laugh to ſee my Clients trudge
After my Lordſhips Coach unto the Hall
For Juſtice, and am full of law withall,
And doe become the Bench as well as hee
That fled long ſince for want of honeſtie:
But I'll be Judge no longer, though in jeſt,
For fear I ſhould be talk't with like the reſt
When I am ſober; Who can chuſe but think
Me wiſe, that am ſo wary in my drink?
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty ſport,
I am come back from *Weſtminſter* to Court;
And am grown young again; my Ptiſick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is ſmooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When ſhe invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry boſome: I could win
A Veſtall now, or tempt a Queen to ſin.
Oh for a ſcore of Queens! you'd laugh to ſee,
How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould raviſh me
Three Goddeſſes were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like thoſe which *Paris* ſipt
From *Venus*, when ſhe taught him how to kiſſe
Faire *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliſſe:
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
VVould turn *Diana* to a burning ſtone,

Stone

Stone with amazement burning with loves fire;
Hard to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.
Ineſtimable Sack! thou mak'ſt us rich,
VViſe, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy ſake.
If I be once inflam'd againſt thy foes (proſe,
That would preach down thy worth in ſmal-beer
I ſhall doe miracles as bad, or worſe,
As he that gave the King an hundred horſe:
T'other odde Cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd
To ſnatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Iove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks:
Let it be full, if I doe chance to ſpill
Over my Standiſh by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner ink, my pen,
VVrite my ſelf ſober, and fall to't agen.

A Farewell to Sack.

Farewell thou thing, time paſt ſo true and dear
To me, as blood to life, and ſpirit, and near,
Nay thou more near then kindred, friend, or wife,
Male to the female, ſoul to the body, life
To quick action, or the warm ſoft ſide
Of the yet chaſt, and undefiled bride.

Theſe

Theſe and a thouſand more could never be
More near, more dear, then thou wer't once to me
'Tis thou above, that with thy myſtick ſaln
Work'ſt more then Wiſdome, Art, or Nature can;
To raiſe the holy madneſſe, and awake
The froſt bound-blood and ſpirits, and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, ſtretching
The ſouls like lightning, & as active too. (through
But why, why doe I longer gaze upon
Thee, with the eye of admiration,
When I muſt leave thee, and inforc'd muſt ſay,
To all thy witching beauties, Goe away?
And if thy whimpring looks do ask me, why?
Know then, 'tis Narure biddeth thee hence, not I;
'Tis her erroneous ſelfe hath form'd my brain,
Uncapable of ſuch a Soverain,
As is thy powerfull ſelf; I prethee draw in
Thy gazing fires, leſt at their ſight the ſin
Of fierce Idolatry ſhoote into me, and
I turn Apoſtate to the ſtrict command
Of Nature; bid me now farewell, or ſmile
More ugly, leſt thy tempting looks beguile
My vows pronounc't in zeal, which thus much ſhows thee,
That I have ſworn, but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee boldly, and deſire
Thee, and their lips eſpous'd, while I admire
And love, but yet not taſt thee: let my Muſe
Fail of thy former helps; and onely uſe

Her inadulterate ſtrength, what's done by me,
Shall ſmell hereafter of the Lamp, not thee.

A fit of Rime againſt Rime.

Rime the rack of fineſt wits,
That expreſſeth but by fits
True conceit.
Spoyling ſenſes of their treaſure,
Couſening judgement with a meaſure,
But falſe weight.
Wreſting words from their true calling,
Propping Verſe for feare of falling
To the ground.
Joynting ſyllables, drowning letters,
Faſtning vowels, as with fetters
They were bound.
Soon as lazie thou wer't known,
All good Poetry hence was flown,
And art baniſh'd.
For a thouſand years together,
All *Parnaſſus* green did wither,
And wit vaniſh'd.
Pegaſus did fly away,
At the wells no Muſe did ſtay,
But bewayl'd.

So to ſee the fountain drie,
And *Apollo's* muſick die;
All light fail'd!
Starveling Rimes did fill the ſtage,
Not a Poet in an age
Worth crowning.
Not a work deſerving Bayes,
Nor a line deſerving praiſe;
Pallas frowning.
Greeke was free from Rimes infection,
Happy Greeke by this protection
Was not ſpoiled.
Whilſt the Latine, Queen of Tongues,
Is not yet free from Rimes wrongs;
But reſts ſoiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flouriſh,
Scarce the world a wit doth nouriſh,
To reſtore
Phœbus to his crown again;
And the Muſes to their brain,
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and ſweetneſſe, and be ſcant
Of true meaſure,
Tyran rime hath ſo abuſed,
That they long ſince have refuſed
Other ceaſure.

He that firſt invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever.
Still may ſyllables join with time,
Still may reaſon war with rime,
Reſting never.
May his ſenſe when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unſounder.
And his title bee long foole,
That in rearing ſuch a Schoole,
Was the Founder.

A Letany.

From a proud Woodcock, and a peeviſh wife,
A pointleſſe Needle, and a broken Knife,
From lying in a Ladies lap,
Like a great fool that longs for Pap,
And from the fruit of the three corner'd tree,
Vertue and goodneſſe ſtill deliver me.

From a conſpiracy of wicked knaves,
A knot of villains, and a crew of ſlaves,
From laying plots for to abuſe a friend,
From working humors to a wicked end,

And

And from the wood where VVolves and Foxes (be,
Vertue and goodneſſe ſtill deliver me.

From reſty Bacon, and ill roſted Eeles,
And from a madding wit that runs on wheeles,
A vap'ring humour, and a beetle head,
A ſmokie chimney, and a lowſie bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of theſe, goodneſſe deliver me.

From ſetting vertue at too low a price,
From loſing too much coyn at Cards and Dice,
From ſurety-ſhip, and from an empty purſe,
Or any thing that may be termed worſe;
From all ſuch ill, wherein no good can be,
Vertue and goodneſſe ſtill deliver me.

From a fool, and ſerious toyes,
From a Lawyer three parts noiſe;
From impertinence like a Drum
Beate at dinner in his room,
From a tongue without a file,
Heaps of *Phraſes* and no ſtile,
From a Fiddler out of tune,
As the *Cuckoo* is in *June*.
From a Lady that doth breath
Worſe above, then underneath.

From the briſtles of a Hog,
Or the ring-worm in a Dog:
From the courtſhip of a bryer,
Or St. *Anthonies* old fier.
From the mercy of ſome Jaylors,
From the long bills of all Taylors,
From Paraſites that will ſtroke us,
From morſells that will choake us,
From all ſuch as purſes cut,
From a filthy durty ſlut,
From Canters and great eaters,
From Patentees and Cheaters,
From men with reaſon tainted,
From women which are painted,
From all far-fetch'd new fangles,
From him that ever wrangles,
From rotten Cheeſe, and addle Egges,
From broken ſhins, and gowty Legges,
From a pudding hath no end,
From bad men that never mend,
From the Counter or the Fleet,
From doing penance in a ſheet,
From Jeſuites, Monks, and Fryers,
From hypocrites, knaves, and lyers,
From *Romes* Pardons, Bulls and Maſſes,
From Bug-beares, and broken Glaſſes,
From *Spaniſh* penſions and theinſpies,
From weeping cheeſe with *Argus* eyes,

From forain foes invasions,
From Papisticall perswasions,
From private gain, by publick losse,
From comming home by weeping crosse,
From all these I say agen,
Heaven deliver me. Amen.

FINIS.

71

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o/bk/k

l/eb/ab

C.P.

S.M.

M 1712

Wit's recreations.